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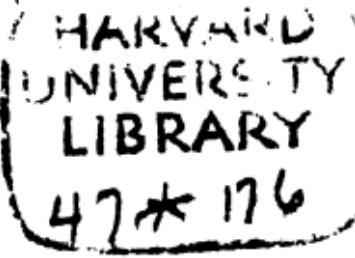
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Dec 1823.

ED.



THE
HARTFORD SELECTION
OF
HYMNS,
FROM THE MOST APPROVED AUTHORS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A NUMBER NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

COMPILED BY
**NATHAN STRONG, ABEL FLINT,
AND JOSEPH STEWARD.**

EIGHTH EDITION.

HARTFORD:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY PETER B. GLEASON AND CO.

.....
1821.

District of Connecticut, ss.

SEAL. BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the second day of June, in the thirty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America, *Nathan Strong, Abel Flint, and Joseph Steward*, of the said District, have deposited in this Office the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as authors in the words following, to wit :

"The Hartford Selection of Hymns, from the most approved Authors. To which are added, a number never before published. Compiled by Nathan Strong, Abel Flint, and Joseph Steward."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned." And the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act supplementary to the Act, entitled 'An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints."

H. W. EDWARDS,

Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

A true Copy of Record, examined and sealed by me,

H. W. EDWARDS,

Clerk of the District of Connecticut:

PREFACE.

THERE are extant many Hymn Books containing excellent Hymns and Spiritual Songs. These Books have their respective excellencies, and give credit to their authors or compilers. The demand for books of this kind having been very great of late, owing to the happy revival of religion in many towns in *New England*, several Booksellers applied to the Editors for advice, which of the many selections of hymns extant it would be most adviseable to re-print. On reviewing different compilations, with a view of answering this question, the Editors conceived that a volume might be compiled better adapted to the taste of pious minds in this country than any they have seen. They were urged to attempt such a selection by booksellers, and also by several pious people.

In making this selection, the Editors have endeavoured to adapt it to the use of Christians in their closets, families, and private religious meetings; and also to the feelings of persons in every state of religious impression.

The hymns of Dr. WATTS, that first of uninspired divine poets, are so universally dispersed, and in such general use, that a less number have been taken from him than would otherwise have been the case. This volume is compiled prin-

pally from NEWTON, COWPER, DODDRIDGE, RIPPON's Selection, and others not in common use. It contains also several original hymns, and many which have never appeared in any book of divine songs.

It will be observed, upon comparing these hymns with the volumes from which they are taken, that a number have been abridged, and some lines altered. The only apology which the Editors have to make for this, is, that in their judgment, such abridgments and alterations render this volume better adapted to the uses for which it was designed.

Hartford, July 3rd 1799.

THE
HARTFORD SELECTION
OF
HYMNS.

HYMN 1. L. M.

The Unity of God. Deut. vi. 4.

ETERNAL God ! Almighty cause
Of earth and seas and worlds unknown :
All things are subject to thy laws ;
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest ;
Control'd by none are thy commands ;
Thou from thyself alone art blest.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe ;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay ;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands ;
Their idol deities dethrone ;
Reduce the world to thy commands,
And reign for ever God alone.

HYMN 2. C. M.

The Doctrine of the Trinity, and the use of it;
Eph. ii. 18.

FAATHER of glory, to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost thy work of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease ;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And dy'd to make our peace.

3 To the Almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory giv'n,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God ;
And spread his honors and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise ;
Let saints in earth and heav'n combine,
In harmony and praise.

HYMN 3. L. M.

The Eternity of God, and Man's mortality.
Psalm xc.

LORD thou hast been thy children's God,
All powerful, wise, and good, and just,
In every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.

2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heavens abroad,

HYMN IV.

7

Or form'd the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.

3 Great Father of eternity !
How short are ages in thy sight !
A thousand years, how swift they fly,
Like one short silent watch of night !

4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies !
Dream of an hour ! how short our bloom !
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
And with true diligence apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

HYMN 4. C. M.

The Infinite God.

1 THY names, how infinite they be,
Great everlasting one !
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne !

2 Thy glories shine, of wond'rous size,
And wond'rous large thy grace ;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

3 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 The myst'ries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds ;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds.

5 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole ;
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads the soul.

6 In vain our haughty reason swells ;
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

HYMN 5. C. M.

The Omnipresence and Omniscience of God.

Psalm cxxxix.

1 ORD, thou with an unerring beam
Surveyest all my powers ;
My rising steps are watch'd by thee,
By thee my resting hours.

2 My thoughts, scarce springing into birth,
Great God, are known to thee ;
Abroad, at home, still I'm inclos'd
With thine immensity.

3 To thee, the labyrinths of life
In open view appear ;
Nor steals a whisper from my lips
Without thy list'ning ear.

4 Behind I glance, and thou art there ;
Before me shines thy name ;
And 'tis thy strong, almighty hand
Sustains my tender frame.

5 Such knowledge mocks the vain essays
Of my astonish'd mind ;
Nor can my reason's soaring eye
Its towering summit find.

HYMN 6. C. M.

God's Dominion and Decrees.

KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod ;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave *to be*.

3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With ev'ry angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine ;
Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

5 Here, he exalts neglected worms,
To sceptres and a crown :
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God, the reason gives ;
Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh, may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

HYMN 7. L. M.

The unsearchable Wisdom of God.

WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will !
Tumultuous passions, all be still !
Nor let a murmur'ring thought arise,
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals ;
But tho' his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heav'n and earth and air and seas,
He executes his firm decrees ;
And by his saints it stands confest,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat :
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

HYMN 8. L. M.

The Loving-kindness of the Redeemer.

Isaiah lxiii. 7.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, Oh, how free !

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, Oh, how great !

3 Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,

He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, Oh, how strong !

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, Oh, how good !

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'r's must fail ;
Oh ! may my last expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing in death !

7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

HYMN 9. Elevens.

The mercy of God. Psa. lxxxix. 1.

Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections and bound my soul fast.

2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair ;
~~But~~ ^{tho'} thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And ~~he~~ ^{that} first made me, still keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy surpasses the sin of my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart ;
Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found.

4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day,
To the needy and poor, who knock by the way ;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus' dear sake.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell ;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell :
'Twas Jesus the friend when he hung on the tree,
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.

6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And covenant love of thy crucify'd Son :
All praise to the Spirit, whose action divine,
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine.

HYMN 10. C. M.

The holiness of God. Isa. vi. 3.

HOLY and rev'rend is the name
Of our eternal King ;
Thrice holy Lord, the angels cry,
Thrice holy let us sing.

2 Heav'n's brightest lamps with him compar'd
How mean they look, and dim !
The fairest angels have their spots,
When once compar'd with him.

3 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight ;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.

4 The deepest rev'rence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God ;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

5 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;

A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

6 Thou, holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free ;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

HYMN 11. L. M.

God exalted above all Praise.

ETERNAL Pow'r ! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
Infinite length, beyond the bounds,
Where Stars revolve their little rounds.

2 The lowest step beneath thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet ;
In vain the tall Arch-angel tries
To reach the height with wond'ring eyes.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too :
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High !

4 Earth from afar, has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name :
But Oh, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heav'n, but man below ;
Be short our tunes, our words be few :
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN 12. As 113th Psa.

God's name proclaimed. Exodus xxxiv. 6—8.

A TTEND, my soul, the voice divine,
And mark what beaming glories shine
Around thy condescending God !
To us, to us, he still proclaims
His awful, his endearing names ;
Attend, and sound them all abroad.

2 " JEHOVAH I, the sov'reign L ORD,
" The mighty GOD, by Heav'n ador'd,
" Down to the earth my footsteps bend :
" My heart the tend'rest pity knows,
" Goodness full-streaming wide o'erflows,
" And grace and truth shall never end.

3 " My patience long can crimes endure :
" My pard'ning love is ever sure,
" When penitential sorrow mourns ;
" To millions, thro' unnumber'd years,
" New hope and new delight it bears ;
" Yet wrath against the sinner burns."

4 Make haste, my soul, the vision meet,
All prostrate at thy sov'reign's feet,
And drink the tuneful accents in ;
Speak on, my L ORD, repeat the voice ;
Diffuse these heart-expanding joys,
Till Heav'n complete the rapt'rous scene.

HYMN 13. L. M.

The Mutability of the Creation, and the Immutability of God. Psa. cii. 25—28.

G REAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name ;
And bow and tremble, while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Thou Lord, with unsurpris'd survey,
 Saw'st nature rising yesterday ;
 And as to-morrow, shall thine eye
 See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
 Thou dwells't in self-existent light ;
 Which shines with undiminish'd ray,
 While suns and worlds in smoke decay.

4 Our days a transient period run,
 And change with ev'ry circling sun ;
 And in the firmest state we boast,
 A moth can crush us into dust.

5 But let the creatures fall around ;
 Let death consign us to the ground ;
 Let the last gen'ral flame arise,
 And melt the arches of the skies :

6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
 Can all the wreck of nature see,
 While grace secures us an abode,
 Unshaken as the throne of God.

HYMN 14. I.. M.

God's Goodness to the Children of Men.

Psalm cvii. 31.

Y E sons of men with joy record
 The various wonders of the Lord ;
 And let his pow'r and goodness sound
 Thro' all your tribes the earth around.

2 Let the high heav'ns your songs invite,
 Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;
 Where sun and moon, and planets roll,
 And stars that shine from pole to pole.

3 Sing earth in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flow'rs, its fruit and shade ;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Fishes and fowls, and beasts and worms.

4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns ;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave His goodness shines.

5 But Oh ! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love !
God's only Son in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.

6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar ;
There in the world of praise adore :
This theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an undeclining day.

HYMN 15. As 113th Psalm.

The Eternal God his People's Refuge and Support. Deut. xxxiii. 27.

BEHOLD ! the great eternal God,
Spreads everlasting arms abroad,
And calls our souls to shelter there ;
Wonders of mingled pow'r and grace,
To all his Israel he displays,
Guarded from danger, and from fear.

2 Thither my feeble soul shall fly,
When terrors press, and death is nigh,
And there will I delight to dwell :
On that high tow'r I rear my head,
Serene, nor knows my heart to dread,
Amidst surrounding hosts of hell.

HYMN XVI.

17

3 The shadow of th' Almighty's wings
Composure unmolested brings,
While threat'ning horrors round me crow'd :
In vain the storms of rattling hail
The walls of this retreat assail,
And the wild tempest roars aloud.

4 In louder strains my fearless tongue
Shall warble its victorious song,
My father's graces to proclaim :
He bears his infant offspring on,
To glory radiant as his throne,
And joys eternal as his name.

HYMN 16. Eights and Sevens.

To the Blessed Spirit.

HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night :
Come thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life and spread thy light :
Loving SPIRIT, GOD of peace,
Great distributer of grace,
Rest upon this congregation !
Hear, Oh, hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend :
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
O thou GLORY shining down
From the FATHER and the SON,
Grant us thy illumination !
Rest upon this congregation.

3 Come thou best of all donations
GOD can give, or we implore :
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more;

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Come with unction and with pow'r,
On our souls thy graces show'r ;

Author of this new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

4 Manifest thy love for ever,
Fence us in on every side,
In distress be our reliever :
Guard and teach, support and guide.
Let thy kind effectual grace
Turn our feet from evil ways ;
Show thyself our new creator,
And conform us to thy nature.

5 Be our friend on each occasion ;
God omnipotent to save !
When we die be our salvation ;
When we're buried, be our grave ;
And when from the grave we rise,
Take us up above the skies ;
Seat us with thy saints in glory,
There for ever to adore Thee.

HYMN 17. Sevens.

Invocation of the Holy Spirit.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine !
Let thy light within me shine ;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heav'n and love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burthen'd sinner free ;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart ;
Seal salvation on my heart :

Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest in immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

HYMN 18. C. M.

The All-seeing God.

ALMIGHTY GOD, thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night ;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the Judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there,
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear ?

4 Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie,
Upwards I dare not look ;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

6 Oh, may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great GOD can see and hear
And writes down every fault.

HYMN XIX.

HYMN 19. L. M.

Thoughts on God and Death.

THREE is a GOD that reigns above,
Lord of the heav'n and earth and seas ;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

2 There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all that we must do ;
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just and true.

3 There is a gospel rich in grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw ;
Lord, I repent and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

4 There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come ;
How many younger much than I
Have pass'd by death to hear their doom.

5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled ;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

HYMN 20. C. M.

A Song to Creating Wisdom.

ETERNAL wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee, the creation sings ;
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky !
How glorious to behold !
Ting'd with a blue of heavn'ly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
 And strike the gazing sight,
 O'er skies, and seas, and solid ground,
 With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill
 Shine thro' the worlds abroad !
 Our souls with vast amazement fill,
 And speak the builder God.

5 But still the wonders of thy grace
 Our softer passions move ;
 Pity divine in Jesu's face
 We see, adore, and love.

HYMN 21. L. M.

The safety of trusting in God's wise Providence.

THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
 Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
 And ev'ry dark or bending line,
 Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
 Poor mortals thy arrangements view ;
 Not knowing that they all are sure,
 And tho' mysterious, just and true.

3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
 Tho' now they seem to roam un-ey'd,
 Are led by pow'r and goodness where
 They best and safest may abide.

4 They neither know nor trace the way,
 But guided by thy peircing eye,
 None of their feet to ruin stray,
 Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5 My favor'd soul shall meekly learn,
 To lay her reason at thy throne ;
 Too weak thy secrets to discern,
 I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

HYMN 22. L. M.

Providence equitable and kind. Psa. cvii.

THRO' all the various shifting scenes
Of life's mistaken good or ill :
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
Our changes by thy sov'reign will.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
How'er unjustly we complain,
To each his necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or pow'r,
Fix we on this terrestrial ball,
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou see fit, may blast them all.

4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame;
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.

5 Thy gracious consolations cheer ;
Thy smiles suppress the deep fetch'd sigh ;
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
That secret wets th' afflicted eye.

6 All things on earth, and all in heav'n
On thy eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were giv'n,
And all shall in thy glory end.

7 This be my care ; to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be ;
Passion be calm ; and dumb be pride,
And fix'd, O God, my soul on thee.

HYMN 23. C. M.

The Mysteries of Providence ; or, light shining out of darkness

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 24. C. M.

Mysteries to be explained hereafter. John xiii. 7.

GREAT God of providence ! thy ways,
Are hid from mortal sight ;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or cloth'd with dazzling light.

2 The wond'rous methods of thy grace
 Evade the human eye ;
 The nearer we attempt t' approach,
 The farther off they fly.

3 But in the world of bliss above,
 Where thou dost ever reign,
 These myst'ries shall be all unveil'd,
 And not a doubt remain.

4 The Sun of Righteousness shall there
 His brightest beams display,
 And not a hov'ring cloud obscure
 That never ending day.

HYMN 25. S. M.

Exhortation to trust in Providence.

GIVE to the winds thy fears,
 Hope and be undismay'd,
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
 He shall lift up thy head.

2 Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears the way ;
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart ?
 Still sink thy spirits down ?
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 And every care be gone.

4 What tho' thou rulest not !
 Yet heaven and earth and hell,
 Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well.

5 Leave to his sov'reign sway
 To choose and to command ;
 So thou shalt, wond'ring, own his way,
 How wise, how strong his hand !

6 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought,
 That caus'd thy needless fear.

7 Thou se'est our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to thee ;
 O lift thou up the sinking heart,
 Confirm the feeble knee.

8 Let us in life, in death,
 Thy stedfast truth declare ;
 And publish with our latest breath
 Thy love and guardian care.

HYMN 26. C. M.

Divine Knowledge from Creation.

TH E book of nature open lies,
 With much instruction stor'd ;
 But till the Lord anoints our eyes,
 We cannot read a word.

2 The knowledge of the saints excels
 The wisdom of the schools ;
 To them his secrets God reveals,
 Tho' men account them fools.

3 To them the sun and stars on high,
 The flow'rs that paint the field,
 And all the artless birds that fly,
 Divine instruction yield.

4 The creatures on their senses press,
 As witnesses to prove

Their Saviour's pow'r and faithfulness,
His providence and love.

5 Thus may we study nature's book,
To make us wise indeed !
And pity those who only look
At what they cannot read.

HYMN 27. C. M.

The Fall of Man. Genesis, chap. iii.

ON man, in his own image made,
How much did God bestow !
The whole creation homage paid,
And own'd him Lord below.

2 But Oh ! by sin how quickly chang'd !
His peace and honor fled,
His heart from God and truth estrang'd,
His conscience fill'd with dread.

3 Now from his Maker's voice he fled,
Which was before his joy ;
And thought to hide his guilty head,
From an all-seeing eye.

4 Compell'd to answer to his name,
With stubbornness and pride,
He cast on God himself the blame,
Nor once for mercy cry'd.

5 But grace, unask'd, his heart subdu'd,
And all his guilt forgave ;
By faith the promis'd seed he view'd,
And felt its power to save.

HYMN XXVIII.

27

HYMN 28. L. M.

Original Sin ; or, The first and second Adam.

ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead ;
The fi'ry law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve nor pardon there,

2 Call a bright council in the skies ;
Seraphs, ye mighty and ye wise,
Speak ; are ye strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God ?

3 In vain we ask ; for all around
Stand silent thro' the heav'nly ground ;
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength, or half the love.

4 But Oh ! unmeasurable grace !
The eternal Son takes Adam's place ;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.

5 Amazing work ! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes ;
Ye saints below, and saints above,
All bow to this mysterious love.

HYMN 29. S. M.

The Evil Heart. Jer. xvii. 9. Matt. xv. 19.

ASTONISH'D and distress'd,
I turn mine eyes within ;
My heart with loads of guilt opprest,
The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there !
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of Saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue ;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise ;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

HYMN 30. L. M.

Sin and Holiness.

WHAT jarring natures dwell within,
Imperfect grace, remaining sin !
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Tho' each by turns my heart assail.

2 Now I complain, and groan and die,
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to my native skies ;
While faith assists my soaring flight
To realms of joy, and worlds of light.

4 Great God ! assist me thro' the fight,
Make me triumphant in thy might ;
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,
The vict'ry mine, and thine the praise.

HYMN 31. L. M.

The Law and Gospel ; or, Christ a Refuge.

DREAD Sinai roars, " the man be curst,
" That doth one wilful sin commit ;
" Death and damnation for the first,
" Without relief, and infinite."

HYMN XXXII.

29

2 Thus flames the mount ! and round the earth,
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings,
But Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
And Calvary say gentler things.

3 "Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
"And life, and joys, and crowns above,
"Obtain'd by a dear bleeding God."

4 Hark, how he prays (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips) 'forgive ;'
And every groan and gaping wound
Cries 'Father, let the rebels live.'

5 Go, ye that rest upon the law,
And toil and seek salvation there,
Look to the flame that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

6 But I'll retire beneath the cross,
Saviour, at thy dear feet I'll lie ;
And, the keen sword that Justice draws,
Flaming and red shall pass me by.

HYMN 32. C. M.

Harmony of the Divine Perfections.

SALVATION ! what a glorious plan ;
How suited to our needs !
The grace that raises fallen man,
Our highest praise exceeds.

2 'Twas wisdom form'd the vast design,
To ransom us when lost ;
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the cost.

3 Strict justice with approving look,
The holy cov'nant seal'd ;

And truth and pow'r both undertook
The whole should be fulfill'd.

4 Truth, wisdom, justice, pow'r and love,
In all their glory shone ;
When Jesus left the courts above,
And dy'd to save his own.

5 Truth, wisdom, justice, pow'r and love,
Are equally display'd ;
Now Jesus reigns enthron'd above,
Our advocate and head.

6 Now sin appears deserving death,
Most hateful and abhor'd ;
And yet the sinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the Lord.

HYMN 33. L. M.

Divinity of Christ. John i. 1, 3, 14. and
Col. i. 16. and Eph. iii. 9, 10.

ERE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word ;
With God he was, the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r were all things made ;
By him supported all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars ;
Thy generation who can tell ?
Or count the number of thy years ?

4 But lo ! he leaves those heav'nly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals, with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son ;
How full of truth ! how full of grace !
When through his eyes the Godhead shone.

6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Emmanuel.

HYMN 34. Sevens.

Praise for the Incarnation.

SWEETER sounds than music knows,
Charm me in Emmanuel's name ;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When he came, the angels sung,
“ Glory be to God on high ; ”
Lord, unloose my stramm'ring tongue,
Who shall louder sing than I ?

3 Did the LORD a man become,
That he might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
Canst thou then, my tongue, be still ?

4 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak ;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, glorious Friend ;
Every precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

HYMN 35. C. M.

Atonement and Sanctification:

A LAS ! by nature how deprav'd,
How prone to every ill !
Our lives to Satan how enslav'd,
How obstinate our will !

2 And can such sinners be restor'd,
Such rebels reconcil'd ?
Can grace sufficient means afford
To make the foe a child ?

3 Yes, grace has found the wond'rous means;
Which shall effectual prove ;
To cleanse us from our countless sins,
And teach our hearts to love.

4 JESUS for us a ransom paid,
And dy'd that we might live ;
His blood a full atonement made,
And cry'd aloud, FORGIVE.

5 Yet one thing more must grace provide;
To bring us home to God ;
Or we shall slight the Lord who dy'd,
And trample on his blood.

6 The Holy Spirit must reveal
The Saviour's work and worth :
Then the hard heart begins to feel
A new and heavenly birth.

7 Thus bought with blood, and born again;
Redeem'd and sav'd by grace ;
Rebels, in God's own house obtain
A son's and daughter's place.

HYMN 36. L. M.

The Gospel of Christ.

GOD in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known :
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of an humble frame,
May taste his grace and learn his name ;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here, Jesus in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays !
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
And bids the drooping saint revive.

5 Our raging passion it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart and near my eye,
'Till life's last hour my soul engage, :
And be my chosen heritage.

HYMN 37. As 148th Psa.

The Jubilee.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound !
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption by his blood,
 Through all the lands proclaim,
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive ;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live ;
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pard'ning grace ;
 Ye happy souls draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face ;
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great high priest,
 Has full atonement made :
 Ye weary spirits rest ;
 Ye mournful souls be glad !
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 38. Eights and Sixes.

Christ's Infancy.

O SIGHT of anguish ! view it near,
 What weeping innocence is here,
 A manger for his bed ;
 The brutes yield refuge to his woe,
 Men worse than brutes no pity show,
 Nor give him friendly aid.

2 Why do no rapid thunders roll ?
Why do no tempests rock the pole ?

O miracle of grace !

Or why no angels on the wing,
Warm for the honor of their King,
To punish all the race !

3 Though now an infant bath'd in tears,
He call'd to form the rolling spheres ;
And seraphs own'd his nod.

Helpless he calls, but men delay,
And guilty sinners disobey
The first born Son of God.

4 Say, radiant seraphs, thron'd in light,
Did love e'er tow'r so high a flight,
Or glory sink so low ?

This wonder angels scarce declare,
Angels the rapture scarce can bear,
Or equal praise bestow.

5 Redemption ! 'tis a boundless theme !
Thou boundless mind, our hearts inflame
With ardor from above.

Words are but faint, let joy express :
Vain is mere joy, let actions bless
This prodigy of love.

HYMN 39. C. M. -

The Glorious Gospel. 1 Tim. i. 11.

WHAT wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Thro' all the gospel shine !
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.

2 Down from his starry throne on high,
Th' Almighty Saviour comes ;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

3 The mighty debt that sinners ow'd,
Upon the cross he pays :
Then thro' the clouds ascends to God,
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4 There he our great High Priest appears,
Before his Father's throne ;
Mingles his merit with our tears,
And pours salvation down.

5 Great God, with rev'rence we adore
Thy justice and thy grace ;
And on thy faithfulness and pow'r,
Our firm dependence place.

HYMN 40. L. M.

Election. Rom. viii. 33—39.

WHOM shall condemn to endless flames
The chosen people of our God,
Since in the book of life their names
Are fairly writ in Jesu's blood ?

2 He for the sins of his elect,
Hath a complete atonement made ;
Stern justice views, without defect,
The work he wrought, the price he paid.

3 Not tribulation, nakedness,
Or famine, peril or the sword :
Not persecution, or distress,
Can separate from Christ the Lord.

4 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Nor pow'rs below, nor pow'rs above :
Not present things, nor things to come,
Can change his purposes of love.

5 His sov'reign mercy knows no end,
His faithfulness shall still endure ;

And those who on his truth depend,
Shall find his word for ever sure.

HYMN 41. L. M.

Electing and Sanctifying Grace. Eph. i. 3, &c.

JESUS, we bless thy Father's name ;
Thy God and ours are both the same :
What heav'nly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners thro' his Son !

2 " Christ be my first elect," he said,
Then chose our souls in Christ, our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin,
To raise us up from death and sin :
Our characters were then decreed,
" Blameless in love, a holy seed."

4 Predestinated to be sons,
Cleans'd by degrees, but chose at once ;
A new, regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

5 With Christ our Lord we share a part
In the affections of his heart ;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
Till he forgets his first belov'd.

HYMN 42. Sevens.

Redeeming Love.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name ;
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,

As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancel'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longerrove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove,
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

HYMN 43. Eights and Sevens.

Look unto Jesus and be saved.

As the serpent rais'd by Moses,
A Heal'd the burning serpent's bite,
JESUS thus himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight.

2 Hear his gracious invitation,
" I have life and peace to give,
I have wrought out full salvation,
Sinner, look to me and live.

3 Pore upon your sins no longer,
Well I know their mighty guilt ;
But my love than death is stronger,
I my blood have freely spilt.

4 Though your heart has long been harden'd;
 Look on me, it soft shall grow :
 Past transgressions shall be pardon'd,
 And I'll wash you white as snow.

5 I have seen what you were doing ;
 Tho' you little thought of me ;
 You were madly bent on ruin,
 But I said—It shall not be.

6 You had been for ever wretched,
 Had I not espous'd your part ;
 Now behold my arms outstretched,
 To receive you to my heart.

7 Well may shame, and joy and wonder,
 All your inward passions move ;
 I could crush you with my thunder,
 But I speak to you in love.

8 See ! your sins are all forgiv'n,
 I have paid the countless sum !
 Now my death has open'd heav'n,
 Thither you shall shortly come."

9 Dearest Saviour, we adcre thee
 For thy precious life and death ;
 Melt each stubborn heart before thee,
 Give us all the eye of faith.

10 From the law's condemning sentence,
 To thy mercy we appeal ;
 Thou alone cans't give repentance,
 Thou alone our souls canst heal.

HYMN 44. Sevens and Sixes.

Christ the good Physician.

HOW lost was my condition,
 Till Jesus made me whole !
 There is but one physician,
 Can cure a sin-sick soul !

Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave ;
To tell to all around me,
His wond'rous pow'r to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compar'd with sin ;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within ;
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness—all combin'd ;
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain ;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain :
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost,
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
How matchless is his grace !
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case ;
First gave me sight to view him ;
For sin my eyes had seal'd ;
Then bade me look unto him :
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen JESUS,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death ;
Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look and live.

HYMN 45. Tens and Elevens.

Fountain opened for Sinners. Zec. xiii. 1.

THE fountain of Christ, Lord, help us to sing ;
The blood of our priest, our crucify'd king ;
The fountain that cleanses from sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses salvation and health.

2 This fountain so dear he'll freely impart ;
When pierc'd by the spear, it flow'd from his
heart ;

With blood and with water, the first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter ; the fountain's but one.

3 This fountain from guilt not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt, infallible cure ;
But if guilt removed, return and remain,
Its pow'r may be proved again and again.

4 This fountain unseal'd stands open for all,
Who long to be heal'd, the great and the small ;
Here's strength for the weakly that hither are
led ;

Here's health for the sickly, and life for the dead.

5 This fountain tho' rich, from charge is quite
clear,

The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here ;
Come needy, and guilty, come loathsome, and
bare ;

Tho' lep'rous and filthy, come just as you are.

6 This fountain in vain hath never been try'd,
It takes out all stain whenever apply'd ;
The fountain flows sweetly with virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely, tho' lep'rous as
mine.

HYMN 46. C. M.

The Fountain of Christ's Blood.

THREE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save ;
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN 47. S. M.

The Sufferings of Divine Love.

MY dear Redeemer see !
Forsaken and forlorn ;
Drinking the vinegar and gall,
And crown'd with ragged thorn.

2 They pierc'd him to the heart,
Oh, let me view the wound !
And count the precious flowing drops,
That stain the thirsty ground !

3 Ah ! who could mar thee thus,
That never didst offend ?
How could a sinful world combine
Against the sinner's friend ?

4 They needed not the spear
To shed my Saviour's blood ;
Love would have burst his tender heart
Whilst mercy pour'd the flood.

5 O copious, healing stream !
Though urg'd by hostile hand ;
From evil springs the mighty good,
That cleanses Judah's land.

HYMN 48. C. M.

*The Inspired Word a System of Knowledge
and Joy. Psa. cxix. 105.*

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration giv'n !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And soothes our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

HYMN 49. L. M.

The Usefulness of the Scriptures. Psa. xix.

WHEN Israel through the desert pass'd,
A firey pillar went before,
To guide them thro' the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God,
 'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n ;
 It sheds a lustre all abroad,
 And points the path to bliss and heav'n.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
 And quickens its inactive pow'rs,
 It sets our wand'ring footsteps right,
 Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,
 Its doctrines are divinely true ;
 Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
 It comforts, and instructs us too.

5 Ye favor'd lands, who have this word,
 Ye saints, who feel its saving power,
 Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
 And his distinguish'd grace adore.

HYMN 50. C. M.

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

FAATHER of mercies, in thy word,
 What endless glory shines !
 For ever be thy name ador'd,
 For these celestial lines.

2 Here, may the wretched sons of want,
 Exhaustless riches find ;
 Riches, above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.

3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast ;
 Sublimer sweets than nature knows
 Invite the longing taste.

4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heav'nly peace around ;

And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 Oh, may these heav'ly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 51. C. M.

Comfort from the Holy Scripturez.

1 EDEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my father's grace
Does all my grief assuage ;
Here, I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where sense and reason fail ;
My guide to everlasting life,
Thro' all the gloomy vale.

6 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God,
 My roving feet command,
 Nor I forsake the happy road
 That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN 52. C. M.

Efficacious Grace. Psa. xlv. 3—5.

HAIL ! mighty Jesus ! how divine
 Is thy victorious sword !
 The stoutest rebel must resign,
 At thy commanding word.

2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give ;
 They pierce the hardest heart ;
 Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
 And joy succeeds to smart

3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
 Come with majestic sway ;
 Down from thy glorious throne on high,
 And make thy foes obey.

4 And when thy vict'ries are complete ;
 When all the chosen race
 Shall round the throne of glory meet,
 To sing thy conqu'ring grace ;

5 Oh, may my humble soul be found
 Among that favor'd band !
 And I, with them, thy praise will sound,
 As round the throne we stand.

HYMN 53. C. M.

Reigning Grace.

NOW may the Lord reveal his face,
 And teach our stamm'ring tongues,
 To make his sov'reign, reigning grace,
 The subject of our songs.

2 Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,
To melt the hardest hearts !
And from the work it once begins
It never more departs.

3 Grace tills the soil, and sows the seeds,
Provides the sun and rain ;
Till from the tender blade proceeds,
The ripen'd harvest grain.

4 'Twas grace that call'd our souls at first,
By grace thus far we're come ;
And grace will help us thro' the worst,
And lead us safely home.

HYMN 54. S. M.

Salvation by Grace from first to last. Eph. ii. 5.

GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound !
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps his grace display,
Who drew the wond'rous plan.

[3. Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book ;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb;
Who all my sorrows took.]

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

[5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow ;

'Twas grace which kept me to this day
And will not let me go.]

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days ;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 55. L. M.

God reasoning with Men. Isa. i. 18.

COME, sinners, saith the mighty God,
Heinous as all your crimes have been,
Lo ! I descend from mine abode,
To reason with the sons of men.

2 No clouds of darkness veil my face,
No vengeful lightnings flash around ;
I come with terms of life and peace ;
Where sin hath reign'd let grace abound.

3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,
And to thy gracious sceptre bow ;
O make our crimson sins like wool,
Our scarlet crimes as white as snow.

4 So shall our thankful lips repeat
Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
While, humbly prostrate at thy feet,
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

HYMN 56. Eights, Sevens and Fours.

Sinners invited to come to Christ.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with power :
He is able,
He is willing. Doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify :
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh—
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the *fitness* he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him ;
 This he gives you ;
 'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall !
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View him prostrate in the garden,
 On the ground your Maker lies,
 On the bloody tree behold him ;
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is FINISH'D :"
 Sinners, will not *this* suffice ?

6 Lo ! the incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood ;
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude.

None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name.
 Alleluia !

Angels here may sing the same.

HYMN 57. C. M.

Expostulation with Sinners.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard ;
 'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;
 He calls you by his sov'reign word,
 From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
 You live devoid of peace ;
 A thousand stings within your breast,
 Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark and leads to hell ;
 Why will you persevere ?
 Can you in endless torments dwell,
 Shut up in black despair ?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
 Of sin and folly go ?
 In pain you travel all your days,
 To reap immortal woe.

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
 Thro' his abounding grace ;
 His mercy will the guilt forgive,
 Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
 Renouncing every sin ;
 Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
 And learn his will divine.

7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts,
 He pardons like a God ;
 He will forgive your num'rous faults,
 Thro' a Redeemer's blood.

HYMN 58. C. M.

God glorious, and Sinners saved. Isa. xliv. 23.

FAITHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands thro' the skies.

2 But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms,

Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms ;

3 Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe ;
We love and we adore ;

The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

4 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess,

Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains ;

Sweet cherubs learn *Emmanuel's* name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 Oh, may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song !

Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command thy tongue.

HYMN 59. L. M.

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

TWO break the chains of sin and death,
Our glorious Jesus yields his breath ;
How strange the conquest, strange to tell !
By death he conquers *death and hell*.

2 While standing in the sinners stead,
 Billows of wrath roll o'er his head ;
 Light from the Father is withdrawn,
 And Jesus drinks the cup alone.

3 Legions of angels fill the skies,
 While our Redeemer bleeds and dies ;
 All nature reels beneath the load,
 And trembling speaks the wrath of God.

4 The rocks are with convulsions torn,
 And all the heavens in sackcloth mourn ;
 But lo ! when the third morning comes,
 Emmanuel rising, leaves the tombs.

5 The rising God, let angels sing,
 The heav'ns with Hallelujahs ring ;
 " Worthy the Lamb, who once was slain,
 Let him in pow'r and glory reign."

6 Hail happy morn, which sees him rise ;
 We shout him welcome to the skies ;
 Welcome to glories all his own,
 And welcome to his Father's throne.

HYMN 60. C. M.

The Heart new created.

A TTEND, while God's exalted Son
 Doth his own glories shew ;
 Behold, he sits upon his throne,
 Creating all things new.

2 Mighty Redeemer ! set me free
 From my own state of sin ;
 Oh, make my soul alive to thee,
 Create new pow'rs within.

3 Open mine eyes, unstop my ears,
 And form my heart afresh ;

Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

4 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell ;
In the new world that grace has made,
I would for ever dwell.

HYMN 61. L. M.

Faith connected with Salvation. Rom. i. 16.
Heb. x. 39.

NOT by the laws of innocence,
Can Adam's sons arrive at heav'n ;
New works can give us no pretence,
To have our ancient sins forgiv'n.

2 Not the best deeds that we have done,
Can make a wounded conscience whole ;
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to Christ and saves the soul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word,
Fain would I have my soul renew'd ;
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord,
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.

4 Oh, may thy grace its pow'r display,
Let guilt and death no longer reign ;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

HYMN 62. L. M.

Human righteousness insufficient to justify.
Mic. vi. 6—8.

WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
Or bow myself before thy face ?
How in thy purer eyes appear ?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace ?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high ?
 Will multiply'd oblations please ?
 Thousands of rams his favor buy,
 'Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease ?

3 Can these assuage the wrath of God ?
 Can these wash out my guilty stain ?
 Rivers of oil, or seas of blood,
 Alas ! they all must flow in vain.

4 Guilty, I stand before thy face ;
 My sole desert is hell and wrath ;
 'Twere just the sentence should take place ;
 But Oh, I plead my Saviour's death !

5 I plead the merits of thy Son,
 Who dy'd for sinners on the tree ;
 I plead his righteousness alone,
 Oh, put the spotless robe on me.

HYMN 63. C. M.

God's command to all Men to Repent.

Acts xvii. 30.

RESENT, the voice celestial cries,
 Nor longer dare delay :
 The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
 And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sov'reign eye of God
 O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
 His heralds are dispatch'd abroad
 To warn the world of sin.

3 Together in his presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess ;
 Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
 Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to his bar ;

For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days !

Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

HYMN 64. C. M.

The Penitent.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies ;
And upwards to thy mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence ;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm :

Forbid it, that omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,

Tears should from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt ;

No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

HYMN 65. L. M.

The Repenting Prodigal. Luke xv. 32.

IO ! what a rapt'rous joy possess'd

The tender parent's throbbing breast,
To see his spendthrift son return,
And hear him his past follies mourn.

2 Thus our bless'd Saviour won't despise,
The contrite heart for sacrifice ;
The deep fetch'd sigh, the secret groan
Rises accepted to the throne.

3 He meets with tokens of his grace,
The trembling lip, the blushing face ;
His bowels yearn when sinners pray,
And mercy bears their sins away.

4 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with
He pitying, heals their broken frame ; [shame;
He hears their sad complaint, and spies
His image in their weeping eyes.

HYMN 66. C. M.

The Ministry of Christ. Luke iv. 18, 19.

HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prison'rs to release,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eyes opprest with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;

And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad *Hosannas*, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring,
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 67. C. M.

The Attraction of the Cross. John xii. 32.

YONDER—amazing sight !—I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run,
Down from his hands and head :
The crimson tide puts out the sun ;
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky
Proclaim the truth aloud ;
And with the amaz'd centurion cry,
“ *This is the Son of God.*”

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive :
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 Oh, that these cords of love divine,
Might draw me, Lord, to thee !
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be !

HYMN 68. L. M.

A Dying Saviour.

STRETCH'D on the cross the Saviour dies ;
 Hark ! his expiring groans arise ;
 See from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide.

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
 And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound ;
 The vital stream, how free it flows,
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes !

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
 Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;
 And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
 Insensible to love or pain ?

4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
 To warm this cold, this stupid heart !
 'Till all its powers and passions move,
 In melting grief, and ardent love.

HYMN 69. Seyens.

Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.

ANGELS, roll the rock away,
 Death, yield up thy mighty prey ;
 See ! He rises from the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom. *Hallelujah.*

2 'Tis the Saviour, angels, raise
 Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound. *Hallelujah.*

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
 Now to glory see him rise,
 In long triumph up the sky,
 Up to waiting worlds on high. *Hallelujah.*

4 Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious Saviour, thro' them ride ;
King of Glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's and thine own. *Hallelujah.*

5 Praise him all ye heavenly quoirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres ;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong. *Hallelujah.*

6 Ev'ry note with wonders swell,
Sin o'erthrown and captiv'd hell ;
Where is hell's once dreaded king ?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting ! *Hallelujah.*

HYMN 70. L. M.

Christ's Resurrection a pledge of ours.

WHEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie ;
I see fulfil'd what prophets say,
And all the pow'r of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim,
How weak the bands of conquer'd death ;
Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath.

3 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more ;
And ever lives, their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

4 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold ;
See the rich diadem he wears !
Thou too shalt bear an harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.

5 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

HYMN 71. L. M.

Christ's Ascension. Psa. xxiv. 7.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
“ Ye everlasting doors give way !”

3 Loose all your massy bars of light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 “ Who is the King of Glory, who ? ”
The *Lord*, that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew ;
And *Jesus* is the conqueror's name.

5 “ Who is the King of Glory, who ? ”
The *Lord*, of boundless power possest,
The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

HYMN 72. As 148th Psalm.

The Kingdom of Christ. Phil. iv. 4.

1 REJOICE, the *Lord* is king,
Your *God* and king adore ;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore ;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The *God* of truth and love ;

When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above ;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saint, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our *Jesus* giv'n ;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy ;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy ;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home ;
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of *God* shall sound, rejoice.

HYMN 73. I. M.

The Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumphs of Christ. Phil. ii. 8, 9. Col. ii. 15.

THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise,
That e'er the *God* of love design'd,
Employs and fills my lab'ring mind.

2 Begin, my soul, the heav'ly song,
A burthen for an angel's tongue :
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.

3 Proclaim inimitable love ;
Jesus, the *Lord* of worlds above,
 Puts off the beams of bright array,
 And veils the *God* in mortal clay.

4 He that distributes crowns and thrones,
 Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans ;
 The Prince of life resigns his breath,
 The King of glory bows to death !

5 But see the wonders of his pow'r,
 He triumphs in his dying hour ;
 And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
 He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

6 Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
 And sin was drown'd in *Jesus'* blood ;
 Then he arose, and reigns above,
 And conquers sinners by his love.

HYMN 74. L. M.

The Intercession of Christ. Heb. vii. 25.

HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,
 (What joy the blest assurance gives !)
 And now before his Father God,
 Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears ;
 But in the Saviour's lovely face,
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence then, ye black desparing thoughts ;
 Above our fears, above our faults,
 His pow'rful intercessions rise,
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark distressful hour,
 When sin and Satan join their pow'r ;

Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That *Jesus* bears us on his heart.

5 Great advocate, Almighty friend—
On him our humble hopes depend ;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For *Jesus* pleads, and must prevail.

HYMN 75. C. M.

The Fulness of Christ.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear ?
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 By him my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

4 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 'Till then, I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the glory of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 76. C. M.

Christ the Refuge of the Church.

HE, who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains ;
Now seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide,
With an unerring skill ;
And countless worlds extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.

3 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise,
In yonder world above ;
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love..

4 His righteousness, to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms ;
Affords a hiding-place and shield,
From enemies and storms.

5 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head ;
To this high rock his people run,
And find a pleasing shade.

6 How glorious he ! how happy they !
In such a glorious friend !
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

HYMN 77. L. M.

Christ our Advocate. 1 John ii. 1.

WHERE is my God ? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs ?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies ?

2 No, *Lord*, the breathings of desire,
 The weak petition, if sincere,
 Are not forbidden to aspire,
 But reach to thine all-gracious ear.

3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
 See where the great Redeemer stands ;
 The glorious advocate on high,
 With precious incense in his hands.

4 He sweetens every humble groan,
 He recommends each broken prayer ;
 Recline thy hope on him alone,
 Whose power and love forbid despair.

5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious *Lord*,
 With stronger faith to call thee mine ;
 Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
 My *Father, God*, with joy divine.

HYMN 78. I. M.

Divine Forgiveness. Luke vii. 47.

FORGIVENESS ! 'tis a joyful sound
 To malefactors doom'd to die ;
 Publish the bliss the world around ;
 Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky !

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine ;
 'Tis full, out-meas'ring ev'ry crime ;
 Unclouded shall its glories shine,
 And feel no change, by changing time :

3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
 And like the mountains for their size,
 The seas of sov'reign grace expand,
 The seas of sov'reign grace arise.

4 For this stupendous love of heaven,
 What grateful honors shall we show ?

Where much transgression is forgiv'n,
Let love in equal ardors glow.

5 By this inspir'd, let all our days
With various holiness be crown'd ;
Let truth and goodness, pray'r and praise
In all abide, in all abound.

HYMN 79. L. M.

Adoption, or Christians the Sons of God.

John i. 12. 1 John iii. 1.

NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heaven ;
Sons of the God, who reigns on high,
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.

3 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go :
Whispers instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.

4 When, through temptation, they rebel,
His chast'ning rod he makes them feel ;
Then with a father's tender heart,
He soothes the pain, and heals the smart.

5 Their daily wants his hands supply ;
Their steps he guards with watchful eye ;
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

HYMN 80. C. M.

Longing for the Divine presence under sorrow.

1 O H, that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God !
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain ;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take,
To wrestle with my God ;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones ;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear ;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

HYMN 81. Eights and Sevens.

The Saviour's Merit.

SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood,
And my weary, troubled spirit,
Now finds rest with thee, my God.
I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie ;
Satan and Satan cannot hurt me,
While my Saviour is so nigh.

2 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory be to God on high,
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Sing his praises through the sky ;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory to the Father give,
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Sing his praises all that live !

3 Now I'll sing my Saviour's merit—
 Tell the world of his dear name ;
 That if any want his spirit,
 He is still the very same.
 He that asketh soon receiveth,
 He that seeks is sure to find ;
 Whoso'er on him believeth,
 He will never cast behind.

4 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glorious Christ of heav'nly birth ;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Sing his praises through the earth.
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory to the Spirit be ;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 To the sacred one in three.

5 Now our advocate is pleading,
 With his Father, and our God ;
 And for us is interceding,
 As the purchase of his blood ;
 Now methinks I hear him praying,
 Father ! save them—I have died ;
 And the Father answers, saying,
 They are freely justifi'd.

6 Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
 Worthy is the Lamb of God,

Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
 Who hath wash'd us in his blood.
 Holy, holy, holy, holy,
 Holy is the Lord of hosts,
 Holy, holy, holy, holy,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 82. C. M.

A Warning to flee from the Wrath to come,

NOW is the time, th' accepted hour,
 O sinners ! come away ;
 The Saviour's knocking at your door,
 Arise without delay.

2 Oh ! don't refuse to give him room,
 Lest mercy should withdraw ;
 He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
 To execute his law.

3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
 If destitute of grace ;
 When you, your injur'd Judge shall see,
 And stand before his face ?

4 Oh ! could you shun that dreadful sight,
 How would you wish to fly,
 To the dark shades of endless night,
 From that all-searching eye ?

5 The dead awak'd, must all appear,
 And you among them stand ;
 Before the great impartial bar,
 Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.

6 Let not these warnings be in vain,
 But lend a list'ning ear ;
 Lest you should meet them all again,
 When wrapt in keen despair.

HYMN LXXXIII.

HYMN 83. C. M.

The Soldier of the Cross.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb ;
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help us on to God ?

3 Shall I be carry'd to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease ?
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas ?

4 I too must fight if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord,
To bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word

5 The saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die ;
They see a triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all their armies shine,
With robes of vict'ry through the skies ;
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 84. C. M.

Sanctification and Pardon.

WHERE shall we, sinners, hide our heads ?
Can rocks or mountains save ?
Or shall we wrap us in the shades
Of midnight and the grave ?

2 Is there no shelter from the eye
 Of a revenging God ?
 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we fly,
 Bedew us with thy blood.

3 Those guardian drops our souls secure,
 And wash away our sin :
 Eternal justice frowns no more,
 And conscience smiles within.

4 We bless that wond'rous purple stream,
 That cleanses every stain ;
 Our souls are yet but half redeem'd,
 If sin, the tyrant, reign.

5 Lord, blast his empire with thy breath,
 The rebel's throne must fall ;
 Ye flatt'ring plagues, that work our death,
 Fly, for we hate you all.

HYMN 85. C. M.

Perseverance. Psa. cxix. 117.

L ORD, hast thou made me know thy ways ?
 L Conduct me in thy fear,
 And grant me such supplies of grace,
 That I may persevere.

2 Let but thy own almighty arm
 Sustain a feeble worm,
 I shall escape secure from harm,
 Amid the dreadful storm.

3 Be thou my all-sufficient friend,
 'Till all my toils shall cease :
 Guard me through life, and let my end
 Be everlasting peace.

HYMN 86. Tens and Elevens.

Humble confidence in the Power and Grace of Christ.

Quoh, tell me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er ;
A country I've found, where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, in Paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive ;
My soul, don't delay, he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know, what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort do after him
go ;

Lo, onward I move, to a country above,
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will
prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell, and
sin,

'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within :
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, to him I'm so join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind ;
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now 'tis my care, my neighbours may
share

These blessings ; to seek them will none of you
dare ?

In bondage, Oh, why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh.

HYMN 87. C. M.

Christ crowned as Lord of All.

ALL hail the pow'r of Jesu's name !
 Let Angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 To crown Him Lord of All.

2 Let high born Seraphs tune the lyre,
 And, as they tune it, fall
 Before his face who tunes their choir,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

3 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
 He fix'd this floating ball ;
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

4 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God
 Who from His altar call ;
 And the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

5 The seed of Israel's chosen race,
 Ye ransom'd of the fall,
 Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

6 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David Lord did call ;
 The God incarnate, Man divine,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

7 Sinners ! whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

8 Let ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,
 That bear the Saviour's call,
 Now shout in universal song,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

HYMN 88. L. M.

Christ the Bright and Morning Star.

Rev. xxii. 16.

VE worlds of light, that roll so near
 The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
 Oh, tell how mean your glories are,
 How faint and few, compar'd with his.

2 We sing the bright and morning star,
 (Jesus, the spring of light and love ;)
 See how its rays diffus'd from far,
 Conduct us to the realms above.

3 Its cheering beams spread wide abroad,
 And guide the Christian in his way ;
 Still as he goes he finds the road,
 Enlighten'd with a constant day.

4 When shall we reach the heav'nly place,
 Where this bright star will brightest shine ;
 Leave far behind these scenes of night,
 And view a lustre all divine ?

HYMN 89. L. M.

Jehovah the true God. Psa. xcviij.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
 In his just government rejoice ;
 Let all the isles with sacred mirth,
 In his applause unite their voice.

2 Darkness and clouds, of awful shade,
 His dazzling glory shroud in state ;
 Justice and truth, his guards are made,
 And fix'd, by his pavillion, wait.

3 Devouring fire before his face,
 His foes around with vengeance struck ;
 His lightnings set the world on blaze,
 Earth saw it, and with terror shook.

4 The proudest hills his presence felt,
 Their height nor strength could help afford ;
 The proudest hills like wax did melt,
 In presence of th' Almighty Lord.

5 The heav'ns, his righteousness to show,
 With storms of fire our foes pursu'd ;
 And all the trembling world below,
 Have his descending glory view'd

6 Glad Sion of thy triumph heard,
 And Judah's daughters were o'er joy'd ;
 Because thy righteous judgments, Lord ;
 Have Pagan pride and pow'r destroy'd.

7 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord ;
 Memorials of his holiness,
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,
 And with your thankful tongues confess.

HYMN 90. Eights.

Praising at the foot of the Cross.

1 LOVE divine, what hast thou done !
 Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me !
 The Father's co-eternal Son,
 Bore all my sins upon the tree ;
 Th' immortal God forme hath dy'd ;
 The Lord, my love, is crucify'd.

2 Sinners, behold, as ye pass by.
 The bleeding Prince of life and peace ;
 Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,
 And say was ever grief like his ?
 Come feel, with me, his blood apply'd ;
 The Lord, my love, is crucify'd.

3 Is crucify'd for me and you,
 To bring his people back to God ;

Believe, believe the record true,
His church is purchas'd with his blood ;
Pardon and life flow from his side ;
The Lord, my love, is crucify'd.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream ;
All things for him account but dross,
And give up all our hearts to him ;
Of nothing speak, or think beside ;
The Lord, my love, is crucify'd.

HYMN 91. Eights and Sevena.

Love Divine.

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down !
Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art :
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, Oh, breathe thy loving spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast :
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest ;
Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away ;
End the work of thy beginning,
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation,
Pure and holy may we be ;
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secur'd by Thee ;

Change from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

HYMN 92. C. M.

Healing Mercy in Jesus.

HEAL us, Emmanuel, here we stand
 Waiting to feel thy touch ;
 To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand,
 Blest Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is weak, our strength is small,
 We faintly trust thy word ;
 Sure thou wilt hear the mourner call,
 And say, "behold thy Lord."

3 Thou pity'dst him who once apply'd
 With trembling for relief ;
 "Lord, I believe," with tears he cry'd,
 "Oh, help my unbelief."

4 She too who touch'd thee in the press,
 And healing virtue stole,
 Was answer'd, " Daughter, go in peace,
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
 To touch thee if we may ;
 Oh ! send us not despairing home,
 Send none unheal'd away.

HYMN 93. C. M.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

OH ! for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb !

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
 How sweet their mem'ry still !
 But they have left an aching void,
 The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest ;
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 94. Tens and Elevens.

The Lord will Provide.

Tho' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite ;
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The scripture assures us, that God will provide.

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread :
 His saints what is fitting, shall ne'er be deny'd,
 So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships, by tempest be toss'd
 On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost ;

Though Satan enrages, the wind and the tide,
His promise engages, the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold :
For though we are strangers, we have a good
guide,

And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has try'd,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will pro-
vide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions our spirits have ply'd,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great
name,

In this, our strong tow'r, for safety we hide,
The Lord is our pow'r, and he will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us through :
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

HYMN 95. C. M.

Aaron a Type of Christ.

SEE Aaron, God's anointed priest,
Within the veil appear,
In robes, of mystic meaning, drest,
Presenting Israel's prayer.

2 The plate of gold, which crowns his brows,
His holiness describes ;
His breast displays in shining rows,
The names of all the tribes.

3 With the atoning blood he stands
Before the mercy-seat,
And clouds of incense from his hands
Arise with odour sweet.

4 Through him the eye of faith descries
A greater priest than he :
Thus Jesus pleads above the skies,
For you, my friends, and me.

5 He bears the names of all his saints,
Deep on his heart engrav'd ;
Attentive to the state and wants
Of all his love has sav'd.

6 In him a holiness complete,
Light and perfection shine,
And wisdom, grace, and glory meet—
A Saviour all divine.

HYMN 96. S. M.

The Vanity of Balaam's wish.

HOW blest the righteous are,
When they resign their breath !
No wonder Balaam wish'd to share,
In such a happy death.

2 “ Oh ! let me die, said he,
“ The death the righteous do,
“ When life is ended, let me be
“ Found with the faithful few.”

3 The force of truth, how great !
When enemies confess,

None but the righteous, whom they hate,
A solid hope possess.

4 But Balaam's wish was vain ;
His heart was insincere :
He thirsted for unrighteous gain,
And sought a portion here.

5 He seem'd the Lord to know,
And to offend him loth ;
But Mammon prov'd his overthrow,
For none can serve them both.

6 May we, O Lord most high,
Warning from hence receive ;
If like the righteous we would die,
To choose the life they live.

HYMN 97. L. M.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.
Deut. xxxiii. 25.

A FFlicted saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
“ How shall I stand the trying day ? ”
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;
And though the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
In fi'ry trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Of sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

HYMN 98. C. M.

Christ the desire of all Nations.

Hag. ii. 7. Cant. i. 3.

INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace !
Thine uncreated beauties shine,
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet ;
To thee their pray'rs and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around ;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread,
Through all Emmanuel's ground.

4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thine exhaustless store ;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy ;
They find their all in thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues employ,
Through all eternity.

HYMN 99. I.. M.

Christ our Example. John xiii. 15.

WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life !

2 See how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love :
If we regard the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

5 But ah, how blind ! how weak we are !
How frail ! how apt to turn aside !
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

6 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be ;
Make us by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

HYMN 100. C. M.

Christ the Pearl of Great Price. Matt. xiii. 46.

YE glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine ;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious bates of sense,
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense !

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet !
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth honor, pleasure meet !

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign :
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And think myself most bless'd.

6 Dear sov'reign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine ;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

HYMN 101. L. M.

Christ the Physician of Souls. Jer. viii. 22.

DEEP are the wounds which sin hath made ;
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength, in every part ;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

3 And can no sov'reign balm be found ?
And is no kind Physician nigh,

To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly ?

4 There is a great Physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;
See, in his heav'ly smiles appear,
Such ease as nature cannot give !

5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow !
'Tis only this dear sacred flood,
Can cleanse the heart, and heal its woe,

6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For here a sov'reign cure is found ;
A cordial for a fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound.

HYMN 102. L. M.

Christ the Christian's Sufficiency.

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise ;
With all the saints I'll join to tell,
That Jesus hath done all things well.

2 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And then he undertook my cause ;
To save me when I did rebel,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

3 And since my soul hath known his love,
What blessings hath he made me prove ;
Mercy, which doth all praise excel ;
For Jesus hath done all things well.

4 Whene'er my Saviour and my God,
Hath on me laid his gentle rod ;
I knew in all which hath befel,
That Jesus hath done all things well.

5 Sometimes the Lord his face doth hide,
To make me pray and kill my pride ;
Yet on my heart it still doth dwell,
That Jesus hath done all things well.

6 Soon I shall pass this vale of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath ;
And then my happy soul shall tell,
How Jesus hath done all things well.

HYMN 103. L. M.

The Effects of the Fall lamented.

SEE human nature sunk in shame :
See scandals pour'd on Jesu's name ;
The Father wounded through the Son ;
The world abus'd, the soul undone.

2 See the short course of vain delight,
Closing in everlasting night ;
In flames that no abatement know,
Kindled by sin the source of woe.

3 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

4 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves :
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

HYMN 104. L. M.

Seeking to God for the communication of his Spirit.
Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

HEAR, gracious Sov'reign, from thy throne,
And send thy various blessings down ;
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Oh, hear the pray'r thy word hath taught.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love ;
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let thy godlike pow'r be known.

3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes,
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise ;
While all their glowing souls are borne,
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

4 Oh, let a holy flock await,
Num'rous around thy temple gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be,
A living sacrifice to thee.

5 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise ;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

HYMN 105. L. M.

The leadings of the Spirit. Rom. viii. 14.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd ;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

HYMN 106. Eights.

The Influences of the Spirit desired.

ETERNAL Spirit, source of light,
Enliv'ning consecrating fire,
Descend, and, with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire :
Our souls refine, our dross consume !
Come, condescending Spirit, come !

2 In our cold breasts, Oh, strike a spark
Of the pure flame which seraphs feel,
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still :
Come, vivifying Spirit, come,
And make our hearts thy constant home.

3 Let pure devotion's fervours rise ;
Let ev'ry pious passion glow ;
Oh, let the raptures of the skies,
Kindle in our cold hearts below !
Come, condescending Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home !

HYMN 107. L. M.

The Influences of the Spirit experienced.
John xiv. 16, 17.

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart ;
Else would my hope for ever die,
And ev'ry cheering ray depart.

2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice ;
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice ?

3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires ;
Can it be less than pow'r divine,
Which animates these strong desires ?

4 What less than thine Almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust ?

5 And when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God, and taste his grace ;
Lord, is it not thy bissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace ?

6 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heav'nly peace impart,
Sweetest of the joys above.

HYMN 108. L. M.

The grieved Spirit entreated not to depart.
Psalm li. 11.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done thee such despite,

Cast not a sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight ;
2 Tho' I have most unfaithful been
 Of all, whoe'er thy grace receiv'd,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

3 But Oh ! the chief of sinners spare,
 In honor of my great high-priest ;
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
 I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
 E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes ;
 Into thy rest of love receive,
 And bless me with a calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
 And raise me by thy gracious hand !
 Guide me into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN 109. C. M.

The Spirit of God insensibly withdrawn.
Judges xvi. 20.

A PRESENT God is all our strength,
 And all our joy and hope ;
 When he withdraws, our comforts die,
 And every grace must droop.

2 But flattering trifles charm our heart,
 To court their false embrace,
 Till justly this neglected friend
 Averts his angry face.

3 He leaves us, and we miss him not,
 But go presumptuous on ;
 Till baffled, wounded, and enslav'd,
 We learn, that God is gone

4 And what, my soul, can then remain,
One ray of light to give ?
Sever'd from him, their better life,
How can his children live ?

5 Hence, all ye painted forms of joy,
And leave my heart to mourn ;
I would devote these eyes to tears,
Till cheer'd by his return.

6 Look back, my Lord, and own the place,
Where once thy temple stood ;
For lo ! its ruins bear the mark
Of rich atoning blood.

HYMN 110. Sevens.

Sin bewailed.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r ;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Rise and ask without delay.

2 With my burden I begin,
Lord ! remove this load of sin !
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord ! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintains,
And whereat a rival reign.

4 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face ;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;

As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

HYMN 111. L. M.

Prayer for Quickening Grace.

OUR wishes would our ruin prove,
Could we our wretched choice obtain;
Before we feel the Saviour's love,
Kindling our love to him again.

2 But when our hearts perceive his worth,
Desires, till then unknown, take place ;
Our spirits cleave no more to earth,
But pant for holiness and grace.

3 And dost thou say, " Ask what thou wilt ?"
Lord, I will seize the golden hour ;
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's pow'r.

4 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear ;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

HYMN 112. C. M.

Faith's Review and Expectation.

A MAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound)
That sav'd a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the viel,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

HYMN 113. L. M.

The Pressure of Sin.

1 Oh, that my load of sin were gone,
Oh, that I could at last submit,
At Jesu's feet to lay me down,
To lay ~~my~~ soul at Jesu's feet.

2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
The God of my salvation see?
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,
Yet still I cannot come to thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art;

Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

4 I would (but thou must give the pow'r)
My heart were from its sins releas'd :
Oh, let me see that happy hour,
'Twill fill my soul with heav'nly peace.

4 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Let not my Jesus long delay,
Appear in my poor heart, appear,
My God, my Saviour, come, I pray.

HYMN 114. L. M.

A Sinner submitting to God.

WEARY of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,
At length I give the contest o'er,
And seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease—
God that creates must seal my peace ;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Unless thy sov'reign grace I share.

3 Lord, I despair myself to heal ;
I see my sin but cannot feel ;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.

4 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive ;
Here then to thee I all resign,
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

5 With simple truth to thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all :
I wait the moving of the pool—
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

6 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure ;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

HYMN 115. L. M.

Invitation to Sinners.

SINNERS, obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of your Lord ;
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning Son :
Ready the gracious Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit from above,
To fill the sinful heart with love ;
T' apply and witness Jesu's blood ;
And wash and seal you sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate ;
Tuning their harps, by which they praise,
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 Come then, ye sinners, to the Lord,
To happiness in Christ restor'd ;
His prof'nd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace.

6 Oh, quit this world's delusive charms,
And quickly fly to Jesu's arms ;
Wrestle, until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

HYMN 116 C. M.

Fortitude under Reproaches.

DID'ST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or shall I basely flee?

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread,
To suffer shame or loss;
Oh, let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

4 Say to my soul, why dost thou fear
The face of feeble man?
Behold, thy heav'nly Captain's here,
Before thee in the van.

5 Oh, how my soul would rise and run,
At this reviving word;
Nor any painful suff'rings shun,
To follow thee, my Lord.

6 Let sinful men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will,
If I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still.

HYMN 117. C. M.

The Gospel suited to the wants of all.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,
Does thy salvation flow ;
It's not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share ;
No mortal has a just pretence,
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew ;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

HYMN 118. L. M.

The Excellency of the Priesthood of Christ.

1 MIDST all the priests of Jewish race,
Jesus the most illustrious stands :
The radiant beauty of his face
Superior love and awe demands.

2 Not Aaron or Melchizedeck
Could claim such high descent as he ;
His nature and his name bespeak
His unexampled pedigree.

3 Descending from the throne 'above,
He bears th' endearing name of Son ;
Dress'd in our flesh and mov'd by love,
He put his priestly garments on.

4 See ! he presents his sacrifice,
An off'ring most divinely sweet ;
While clouds of fragrant incense rise,
And cover o'er the mercy seat.

5 The Father, with approving smile,
Accepts the off'ring of his Son ;

New joys the wond'ring angels feel,
And haste to bear the tidings down.

6 The welcome news their lips repeat,
Gives sacred pleasure to my breast ;
Henceforth, my soul, thy cause commit
To Christ, thine advocate and priest.

HYMN 119. L. M.

Christ the Way to the Heavenly Canaan.

JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The king's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, "I am the way."

5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shall take me to thee as I am ;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

HYMN 120. C. M.

Mercy prevailing. Ezek. xvi. 63,

ONCE perishing in blood I lay,
Creatures no help could give ;
But Jesus pass'd me in the way,
He saw, and bade me live.

2 Oh, can I e'er that day forget,
When Jesus kindly spoke !

* Poor soul, my blood has paid thy debt,
And now I break thy yoke.

3 "Behold, I take thee for my own,
"And give myself to thee ;

"Forsake the idols thou hast known,
"And yield thyself to me."

4 Ah, worthless heart ! it promis'd fair,
And said it would be thine ;

I little thought it e'er would dare
Again with idols join.

5 LORD, dost thou such backslidings heal,
And pardon all that's past ?

Sure, if I am not made of steel,
I shall relent at last.

6 My tongue, which rashly spake before,
Thy mercy will restrain ;

Surely I now shall boast no more,
Nor censure nor complain.

HYMN 121. L. M.

The Power of Divine Grace in answer to Prayer.

Ezek. xxxvi. 25—28. 7.

THE Lord proclaims his grace abroad :
Behold I change your hearts of stone !
Ye shall renounce each idol-god,
And serve and praise the Lord alone.

2 My grace, a flowing stream proceeds,
To wash your filthiness away ;
Ye shall abhor your former deeds,
And learn my statutes to obey.

3 My truth the great design insures,
I give myself away to you ;
Ye shall be mine, will I be yours,
Your GOD unalterably true.

4 Yet not unsought, nor unimplor'd
The plenteous grace will I confer ;
No—your whole heart shall seek the Lord,
I'll put a praying spirit there.

5 From the first breath of life divine,
Down to the last expiring hour ;
The gracious work shall all be mine,
Begun and ended in my pow'r.

HYMN 122. C. M.

The Leper Healed. Matt. viii. 2, 3.

WHEN the poor leper's case I read,
My own describ'd I feel ;
Sin is a leprosy indeed,
Which none but CHRIST can heal.

2 What anguish did my soul endure,
Till hope and patience ceas'd ?
The more I strove myself to cure,
The more the plague increas'd.

3 While thus I lay distress'd, I saw
The Saviour passing by ;
To him, though fill'd with shame and awe,
I rais'd my mournful cry.

4 LORD, thou canst heal me if thou wilt,
Oh, pity to me shew ;

Oh, cleanse my lep'rous soul from guilt,
My filthy heart renew.

5 He heard, and with a gracious look,
Pronounc'd the healing word ;
"I will—be clean," and while he spoke,
I felt my heart restor'd.

6 Come, sinners, seize the present hour,
The Saviour's grace to prove ;
He can relieve, for he is pow'r ;
He will, for he is love.

HYMN 123. L. M.

Barrenness and Indwelling Sin.

LORD, I'm defil'd in ev'ry part,
Barren my life, and cold my heart,
Yet sometimes through thy sov'reign grace,
I catch a glimpse at Jesu's face.

2 This gives my drowsy heart a spring,
I fain would rise, and fain would sing ;
But soon a cloud rolls in between,
All black with some indwelling sin.

3 My notes then faulter on my tongue,
The foul contagion spoils my song ;
But Thou, who dost the world control,
Speak but the word, I shall be whole.

HYMN 124. C. M.

The Power of Faith.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares ;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares :

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire,

Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r,
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain ;

5 Shews me the precious promise, seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood ;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken would I rest,
Till this vile body dies :
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise.

HYMN 125. Eights.

Faith Conquering.

THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in a crucify'd God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his blood.
'Tis faith that still leads us along,
And lives under pressure and load,
That makes us in weakness more strong,
And draws the soul upward to God.

2 It treads on the world and on hell,
It vanquishes death and despair :
And Oh ! let us wonder to tell,
It wrestles and conquers by prayer.

Permits a vile worm of the dust,
With God to commune as a friend ;
To hope his forgiveness as just,
And look for his love to the end.

3 It says to the mountains, " depart,"
That stand between God and the soul ;
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded consciences whole ;
Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be spotless as snow, and as white ;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

HYMN 126. C. M.

Faith Superior to Sense.

SIIGHT, hearing, feeling, taste and smell,
Are gifts we highly prize ;
But these may downward lead to hell,
While faith to heav'n doth rise.

2 More piercing than the eagle's sight,
Faith views the world unknown ;
Surveys the glorious realms of light,
And JESUS on the throne.

3 It hears the mighty voice of God,
And ponders what he saith !
His word and works, his gifts and rod,
Have each a voice to faith.

4 It feels the touch of heav'nly pow'r,
And from the boundless source,
Derives fresh vigor ev'ry hour
To run its daily course.

5 The truth and goodness of the LORD
Are suited to its taste ;
Mean is the worldling's pamper'd board;
To faith's perpetual feast.

6 Till saving faith possess the mind,
 In vain of sense we boast ;
We are but senseless, tasteless, blind,
 And deaf, and dead, and lost.

HYMN 127. Sevens and Sixes.

Divine Light breaking into the Soul.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord who rises
 With healing on his wings ;
When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue,
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new :
Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
E'en let th' unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
 But he will bear us thro',
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe his people too :
Beneath the spreading ~~heavens~~,
 No creature but is fed ;
And he who feeds the ravens,
 Will give his children bread.

4 Tho' vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit should bear,
 Tho' all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there ;

Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

HYMN 128. C. M.

Christ revealed in a Soul slain by the Law.

SMOTE by the law I'm justly slain,
 Great God, behold my case !
 Pity a sinner fill'd with pain,
 Nor drive me from thy face.

2 Dread terrors fright my guilty soul,
 Thy justice all in flames,
 Gives sentence on this heart so foul,
 So hard, so full of crimes.

3 'Tis trembling hardness that I feel ;
 I fear, but can't relent,
 Perhaps of endless death the seal :
 Oh, that I could repent !

4 My pray'rs, my tears, my vows are vile,
 My duties black with guilt ;
 On such a wretch can mercy smile
 Tho' Jesu's blood was spilt ?

5 Speechless I sink to endless night,
 I see an op'ning hell ;
 But lo ! what glory strikes my sight !
 Such glory who can tell !

6 Enrapt in these bright beams of peace,
 I feel a gracious God :
 Swell, swell the note : Oh, tell his grace ;
 Sound his high praise abroad !

7 Now rise, my soul, adore and love,
 Leave sin and hell behind ;
 Give all thy pow'rs to heav'n above,
 And praise th' eternal mind.

HYMN 129. L. M.

On the Hardness of the Heart.

O H, for a glance of heav'nly day,
 To take the stubborn stone away ;
 And thaw with beams of love divine,
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake ;
 The sea can roar, the mountains shake ;
 Of feeling all things show some sign,
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 Thy judgments, Lord, unmov'd I hear,
 (Amazing thought !) which devils fear ;
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
 To stir this stupid heart of mine.

4 To hear the sorrow thou hast felt,
 Dear Lord, an adamant would melt ;
 But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing move this hear of mine.

5 But pow'r divine can do the deed,
 And much to feel that pow'r I need ;
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
 And move and melt this heart of mine.

6 Then, dearest Lord, thy Spirit give,
 And make my drooping heart revive ;
 No longer then shall I repine,
 No longer mourn this heart of mine.

7 But anthems dwell upon my tongue,
And this shall ever be my song,
'Twas nought but sov'reign love divine,
That mov'd this stupid heart of mine.

HYMN 130. Sevens.

Christ's Ascension.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes ;
Christ awhile to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'n ;
There the pompous triumph waits ;
“ Lift your heads, eternal gates !
“ Wide unfold the radiant scene,
“ Take the King of glory in !”

2 Him, tho' highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
Tho' returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own ;
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads ;
Next himself prepares a place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Master, (may we ever say)
Taken from our world away ;
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee :
Grant, tho' parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,—
Grant our souls may thither rise,
Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing for a happier home.

There we shall with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless reign,
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find a heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

HYMN 131. Sevens.

Christ's Triumphant Ascension.

JESUS, our triumphant head,
 Ris'n victorious from the dead,
 To the realms of glory's gone,
 To ascend his rightful throne.

2 Cherubs on the conqu'ror gaze,
 Seraphs glow with brighter blaze ;
 Each bright order of the sky,
 Hails him as he passes by !

3 Saints the glorious triumph meet ;
 See their garments at his feet !
 By his scars his toils are view'd,
 And his garments roll'd in blood !

4 Heav'n its king congratulates,
 Opens wide her golden gates ;
 Angels, songs of vict'ry bring,
 All the blissful regions ring.

5 Sinners, join the heav'nly pow'rs,
 For redemption all is ours :
 None but burden'd sinners prove
 Blood-bought pardon, dying love.

6 Hail ! thou dear, thou worthy Lord !
 Holy Lamb ! Incarnate Word !
 Hail ! thou suff'ring Son of God !
 Take the trophies of thy blood.

HYMN 132. L. M.

Hope Encouraged by a view of the Divine Perfection. 1 Sam. xxx. 6.

WHY sinks my weak, desponding mind ?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh ?

Can sov'reign goodness be unkind ?

And I not safe when God is nigh ?

2 He holds all nature in his hand ;
That gracious hand on which I live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
On him alone my hopes recline ;
The wond'rous glories of his name,
How wide they spread, how bright they shine !

4 Infinite wisdom ! boundless pow'r !
Unchanging faithfulness and love !
Here let me trust, while I adore,
And from my refuge ne'er remove.

5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave ;
A present help in times of need,
Still kind to hear and strong to save.

6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord,
And ease the sorrows of my breast ;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine—and I am blest.

HYMN 133. C. M.

A Penitent Pleading for Mercy.

LORD, at thy feet, we sinners, lie,
And knock at mercy's door ;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.

2 [On us, the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love ;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.]

3 We sink, with all this weight, oppres'd,
Sink down to death and hell ;
Oh, give our troubled spirit rest,
Our num'rous fears dispel.]

4 'Tis mercy, mercy we implore,
We would thy bowels move ;
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

5 Oh, for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive,
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking, soon relieve.

6 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own ;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To re-possess thy throne.

HYMN 134. Sevens.

Rejoicing in Hope. Isaiah xxxv. 10.
Luke xii. 32.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly king,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod,
They are happy now, and ye,
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You near Jesus' throne shall rest ;

There your seats are now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land :
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

5 Lord ! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 135. L. M.

Return of Joy.

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears ;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find,
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
So prone to act a sinful part,
And still indulge distrust of thee.

3 Oh ! let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn :
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply try'd,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will ;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
 As I am ready to repine ;
 Lord, therefore, all the praise receive ;
 Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

HYMN 136. L. M.

Gravity and Decency.

B EHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
 So dearly bought with Jesu's blood !
 Are they not born to heav'nly joys,
 And shall they stoop to earthly toys ?

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind ?
 Were spirits, of celestial kind,
 Made for a jest, for sport and play,
 To wear out time and waste the day ?

3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
 Well suit the honors of their birth ?
 Shall they be fond of gay attire,
 Which children love, and fools admire ?

4 Lord, with a heav'n-directed eye,
 We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by :
 Oh, raise our hearts and passions higher ;
 Touch our vain souls with sacred fire.

5 Then will we look on toys below,
 With such disdain as angels do ;
 And wait the call that bids us rise,
 To mansions promis'd in the skies.

HYMN 137. L. M.

A young Convert falling into Darkness.

W HEN converts first begin to sing,
 Their happy souls are on the wing ;
 Their theme is all redeeming love,
 Fain would they be with Christ above.

2 With admiration they behold
 The love of Christ that can't be told ;
 They view themselves upon the shore,
 And think the battle all is o'er.

3 They feel themselves quite free from pain,
 And think their enemies are slain ;
 They make no doubt but all is well,
 And Satan is cast down to hell.

4 They wonder why old saints don't sing,
 And make the heavenly arches ring,
 Ring with melodious, joyful sound,
 Because a prodigal is found

5 But 'tis not long before they feel
 Their feeble souls begin to reel ;
 They think their former hopes were vain,
 For they are bound in Satan's chain.

6 The morning that did shine so bright,
 Is turned to the shades of night ;
 Their hearts that did with music ring,
 Are now untun'd in every string.

7 O foolish child, why didst thou boast,
 In the enlargement of thy coast ?
 Why didst thou think to fly away,
 Before thou leav'st this feeble clay ?

8 Come, take up arms, and face the field,
 Come, gird on harness, sword and shield,
 Stand fast in faith, fight for your king,
 And soop the vict'ry you shall win.

9 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,
 Then meet him with these blessed lines :
 Jesus our Lord has won the field,
 And we're determin'd not to yield.

HYMN 138. L. M.

Love to Christ, present or absent.

OF all the joys, which creatures know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest ;
'Tis the best blessing here below,
The highest rapture of the blest.

2 While we are held in thine embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove ;
Each smile that's seen upon thy face,
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

3 Hearing thy speech, immortal joys
Ravish our ears, and fill the heart ;
Our souls all melt by thy dear voice,
And pleasure shoots through every part.

4 When of thine absence we complain,
And long and weep and humbly pray ;
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
Those tears are sweet which mourn thy stay.

5 When round thy courts by day we rove,
Or ask the watchmen of the night,
For some kind tidings from above,
The very name creates delight.

6 Jesus our God, descend and come,
Our eyes shall dwell upon thy face,
'Tis heav'n to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of thy grace.

HYMN 139. S. M.

The Good that I would, I do not. Rom. vii. 19.

I WOULD, but cannot sing,
I would, but cannot pray,
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavour oft,
This stony heart can ne'er relent,
Till Jesus make it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Though woo'd by love divine ;
No arguments have pow'r to move
A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy will ;
know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

5 Oh, could I but bēlieve !
Then all would easy be ;
I would, but cannot—Lord, relieve,
My help must come from thee.

6 Wilt thou not crown at length,
The work thou hast begun ?
And with a will afford me strength,
In all thy ways to run ?

HYMN 140. C. M.

The Doubting Christian.

Of sinful Adam's num'rous race,
I find myself most vile ;
To me can God extend his grace,
Or ever grant a smile ?

2 Can I be call'd a child of God,
Can I his promise claim ;
While sinking in the loathsome flood,
Of inbred sin and shame ?

3 Once I could shout his praises high,
And call him Lord and King :

But now, how cold and dead I lie,
Nor dare I think to sing.

4 Once I could join his praying flock,
And thought the union sweet ;
Conscience forbids me now to mock,
By claiming there a seat.

5 Was I deceiv'd ? blest Spirit, tell,
Nor leave me to despair ;
Sometimes a heav'n, sometimes a hell,
Within this heart appear.

6 Sometimes I feel a beam divine,
Then God I own and love ;
It seems direct from heav'n to shine,
And call me straight above.

7 I stretch my wings and fain would fly,
But Oh, my want of pow'r !
The vision ends, I sin and sigh,
And count the awful score.

8 Great God, resolve this painful strife,
Grant faith and love may reign ;
Then I'll devote an endless life,
To sing in highest strain.

HYMN 141.

A Prayer of the Sick Soul.

THOU great Physician of the soul,
To thee I bring my case ;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.

2 Help me to state my whole complaint ;
But where shall I begin ?
Nor words, nor thoughts can fully paint
That worst distemper, sin.

3 It lies not in a single part,
But through my frame is spread ;
A burning fever in my heart,
A palsy in my head.

4 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent and lame ;
It overclouds, and fills my mind,
With folly, fear and shame.

5 A thousand evil thoughts intrude,
Tumultuous in my breast ;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.

6 Lord, I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free ;
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to live to thee ?

HYMN 142 C. M.

O that I were as in months past. Job, xxix. 2.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Apply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue ;
And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine :
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

4 But now when ev'ning shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns ;

And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face ;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.
6 Rise, Lord, now help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care ;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

HYMN 143. Sevens.

The Christian in Darkness.

SAVIOUR, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive ;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive ;
Speak the word, and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

2 Once I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fix'd no more to move ;
Then thy grace was all my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love ;
Those were happy golden days,
Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.

3 Little, then, myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's pow'r ;
Now I feel my sins anew,
Now I feel the stormy hour !
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has chang'd my day to night.

4 Satan asks, and mocks my woe,
“ Boaster, where is now your God ?”

Silence, Lord, this cruel foe,
 Let him know I'm bought with blood :
 Tell him, since I know thy name,
 Though I change, thou art the same.

HYMN 144. C. M.

The Contrite Heart.

TH E Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow :
 Then tell me, gracious GOD, is mine
 A contrite heart or no ?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
 Insensible as steel ;
 If ought is felt, 'tis only pain
 To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
 To love thee if I could ;
 But often feel another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more ;
 But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
 Seem weaker than before.

5 I see thy saints with comfort fill'd,
 When in thy house of pray'r ;
 But still in bondage I am held,
 And find no comfort there.

6 Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache ;
 Decide this doubt for me ;
 And if it be not broken, break,
 And heal it, if it be.

HYMN 145. Sevens.

Self-Examination.

T'IS a point I long to find,
Oft it causes anxious thought ;
Am I to the Lord inclin'd !
Am I his, or am I not ?

2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name ?

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove ?
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
Fill'd wish unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you ?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhor'd,
Find at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou who art thy people's sun ;

Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
Help me rise to praise and pray ;
Guide me to the heav'nly shore.
There to see eternal day !

HYMN 146. L. M.

Vanity of the World.

W EALTH is a blessing only lent,
To be repaid by deeds of love ;
God gives his bounties to be spent ;
To hoard them will his anger move.

2 The world's esteem is but a bribe ;
To buy its peace we sell our own ;
Enslav'd by an applauding tribe,
Who hate us while they make us known.

3 The joy that vain amusements give,
To him who thoughtless sports and sings,
Is like the honey of a hive,
When guarded by a thousand stings.

4 'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
That live upon her treach'rous smiles ;
She leads them, blindfold, by her rules,
And ruins all whom she beguiles.

5 'Tis thus that thousands hasten down
From pleasure, into endless woe ;
And with a long despairing groan,
Blaspheme their Maker as they go.

6 Warn'd by their woes, may we be wise,
Delighting in a Saviour's charms ;
Then God will take us to the skies,
Embrac'd in everlasting arms.

HYMN 147. C. M.

Trust of the Wicked and the Righteous.
Jer. xvii. 5—8.

SEE how the worthless bramble stands,
Beneath a burning sky ;
Wither'd and parch'd in barren sands,
And only grows to die.

2 Such is the sinner's awful case,
Who makes the world his trust ;
And dares his confidence to place
In vanity and dust.

3 A secret curse destroys his root,
And dries his moisture up ;
He lives a while, but bears no fruit,
Then dies without a hope.

4 But happy he whose hopes depend
Upon the Lord alone ;
The soul that trusts in such a friend
Can ne'er be overthrown.

HYMN 148. C. M.

Delight in God. Psalm xxxvii. 4.

GRANT, Lord, I may delight in thee,
And on thy care depend ;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dry'd,
Thy fulness is the same ;
May I with this be satisfy'd,
And glory in thy name !

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near,
A fountain which will ever run,
With waters sweet and clear ?

4 No good in creatures can be found,
But all is found in thee :
I must be blessed and abound,
While thou art God to me.

5 Oh, that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail !

6 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and please thee more.

HYMN 149. L. M.

The wonderful Love of Christ.

COME, let me love, or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice ?
I see the blessed fair one bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies !

2 Oh ! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heav'nly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love !

3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains :
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt and took my chains.

4 Infinite grace ! almighty charms !
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies !
Jesus, the God, extends his arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.

5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood ?

Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God ?

6 Again he lives, and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart ;
" By these dear wounds," saith he ; and stands,
And prays to claspe me to his heart,

7 Sure I must love ; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move ?
Lord ! melt this stubborn heart to tears ;
This heart shall yield to death or love.

HYMN 150. S. M.

A Parting Hymn.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

HYMN 151. S. M.

Christian Love. Gal. iii. 28.

LET party names no more
2 The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let discord, child of hell !
Be banish'd far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow
And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN 152. C. M.

Love to our Enemies from the Example of Christ.

Luke xxiii. 34 Matt. v. 44.

ALOUD we sing the wond'rous grace,
Christ to his murd'rers bare ;
Which made the tott'ring cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.

2 "Father, forgive," his mercy cry'd,
With his expiring breath,

And drew eternal blessings down,
On those who wrought his death.

3 Jesus, this wond'rous love we sing,
And whilst we sing, admire ;
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there,
The same celestial fire.

4 Sway'd by thy dear example, Lord,
For enemies we'll pray ;
With love, their hatred we'll reward,
With blessings, we'll repay.

HYMN 153. C. M.

All attainments vain without Love.
1 Cor. xiii. 1. 3.

SHOULD bounteous nature kindly pour
Her richest gifts on me,
Still, O my God, I should be poor,
If void of love to thee.

2 Not shining wit, nor manly sense,
Could make me truly good ;
Nor zeal itself could recompense
The want of love to God.

3 Did I possess the gift of tongues,
But were deny'd thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs
Would be but sounding brass.

4 Tho' thou should'st give me heav'nly skill,
Each myst'ry to explain,
Had I no heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

5 Had I so strong a faith, my God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith could do me real good,
That did not work by love.

6 Oh, grant me then this one request,
 And I'll be satisfy'd,
 That love divine may rule my breast,
 And all my actions guide.

HYMN 154. L. M.

Christian Patience. Luke xxi. 19.

PATIENCE ! Oh, what a grace divine !
 Giv'n by the God of love and pow'r,
 That leans upon a Father's hand,
 In ev'ry dark, afflicting hour.

2 By patience we serenely bear
 The troubles of our mortal state ;
 And wait contented our discharge,
 Nor think our glory comes too late.

2 Though we in full sensation feel
 The weight, the wounds our God ordains,
 We smile amid our heaviest woes,
 And triumph in our sharpest pains.

4 Oh, for this grace to aid us on,
 And arm with fortitude the breast,
 Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er,
 We reach the shores of endless rest !

5 Faith into vision shall resign,
 Hope shall in full fruition die ;
 And patience in possession end,
 In the bright worlds of bliss on h gh.

HYMN 155. L. M.

Patience from an assurance of Divine Love.

DEAR Lord, though bitter is the cup,
 Thy gracious hand pours out to me,
 I cheerfully will drink it up,
 That cannot hurt which comes from thee.

2 'Tis fill'd with thine unchanging love,
And not a drop of wrath is there ;
The saints for ever bless'd above,
Were often most afflicted here.

3 From Jesus, thine incarnate Son,
I'll learn obedience to thy will ;
And humbly kiss the chast'ning rod,
When its severest strokes I feel.

HYMN 156. Eights.

A Prayer for the promised rest in Christ.

1 DEAR friend of guilty sinners, hear,
And magnify thy grace divine ;
Pardon a worm that would draw near,
And make his heart to thee resign ;
A worm, by guilt and sin distrest,
That pants to reach the promis'd rest.

2 With holy fear and rev'rend love,
I long to lie beneath thy throne ;
In thee to live, in thee to move,
And stay myself on thee alone :
Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
To find in thee the promis'd rest.

3 Sure, Lord, thou wilt thy servants keep,
And bless them with thy gracious smiles,
A gentle shepherd of thy sheep,
To guard them from the tempter's wiles ;
How calm their state, how truly blest,
Who trust in thee for promis'd rest !

4 Take me, dear Saviour, for thine own,
And make me love thy righteous cause ;
Be thou my portion, Lord, alone,
And bend me to obey thy laws :
Let me in thy dear arms be blest,
And find in thee the promis'd rest !

HYMN 157. C. M.

Rejoice with trembling in hope of Heaven.

1 WAS a grov'ling creature once,
And basely cleav'd to earth ;
I wanted wisdom to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.

2 But God hath spoke from heav'n above,
And blest a guilty worm ;
Hath giv'n the wings of joy and love
To seek an angel's form.

3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand ;
hear the promise from on high,
And view the glorious land.

4 Blest Lord of all the vast domain,
This promise is to me ;
The length, the breadth, and all the plain,
And more than faith can see.

5 Though comforting this gracious pledge,
To thee for help I call,
For still I stand on Pisgah's edge ;
Uphold me lest I fall !

6 Though much exalted by the Lord,
~~My~~ strength is not my own ;
Oh, let me tremble at his word,
Then none shall cast me down.

HYMN 158. Eights and Sevens.

Trusting in the Grace of Christ.

7 TIS the Lord thus far hath brought me,
By his watchful, tender care ;
Sure 'tis he himself hath taught me
How to seek his face by pray'r :

After so much mercy past,
Will he give me up at last?

2 True I've been a guilty creature,
And have sinn'd against his grace ;
But forgiveness is his nature,
Though he justly hides his face ;
Ere he call'd me, well he knew
What a heart like mine would do.

3 In the Saviour's intercession,
Therefore still will I confide ;
Lord, accept my free confession ;
Though I've sinn'd, yet thou hast dy'd ;
This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need.

HYMN 159. C. M.

A Prayer for the Restoration of the Divine Presence.

BLEST Saviour, by thy pow'rful word,
Once aight was turn'd to day ;
And thy salvation joy restor'd,
. Which I had sinn'd away.

2 'Twas then I wonder'd and ador'd
To See thy grace divine ;
I felt thy love, I prais'd the Lord,
Who made such blessings mine.

3 Wilt thou not still vouchsafe to own,
A wretch so vile as I ?
May I not still approach thy throne,
And, Abba Father, cry ?

4 Lord, speak a gracious word again,
And cheer my drooping heart ;
No voice but thine can soothe my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.

HYMN 160. L. M.

The Burthened Soul praying for Relief.

WITH kind compassion bear my cry,
O Jesus, Lord of life, on high !
And on thy servant's drooping head,
The dews of blessing sweetly shed.

2 Change all my sad complaints to ease,
To cheerful notes of endless praise ;
A sense of pard'ning favor give,
And raise my mind and bid me live.

3 My fears of danger while I breathe,
My dread of endless hell beneath,
My sense of sorrow for my sin,
To springing comfort change within.

4 Be not to me a Judge severe,
For so thy presence, who can bear ?
But Oh, regard my mournful cry,
And look with mercy's gracious eye.

5 Then grant, O Lord, that I may burn,
To make my Saviour some return ;
And be my heart inspir'd to rise,
On wings of love to yonder skies.

6 I come with joy to bear my cross,
Desiring thy grief and loss,
Since thou, despising shame and pain,
Stretch'd on the bloody cross, was slain.

HYMN 161. L. M.

Prayer of a Penitent. Psa. vi. Paraphrased.

O H, that the Lord would hear my cry,
And stay his anger, lest I die !
Thy wrath is just—yet oh, forgive !
And let a mourning sinner live.

2 Shouldst thou my body crush to dust,
I still must say that God is just ;
But yet I hope thy grace to share,
That mercy will the sinner spare.

3 In all my frame, without, within,
I feel the sad effects of sin ;
How long, my God, must I complain,
And deprecate thy wrath in vain ?

4 Oh, should I die depriv'd of thee !
What being else can succour me ?
Thy frowns would rend my soul in death,
And sink it to the depths beneath.

5 Ye darling sins, that plague me so,
The greatest enemies I know,
Depart—for God hath heard my pray'r,
And will not let me long despair.

6 No ; I shall yet his goodness bless ;
And when this transient life shall pass ;
Then full of glory, I shall prove
He can be just, and sinners love.

HYMN 162. Tens.

The Backslider's Return.

O THOU, my God, who from thy supreme,
Art mindful of the penitential tear,
Kindly dispersing, with thy mercy's beam,
The gath'ring clouds of darkness and despair ;
Lord, lend thine ear ! Oh ! hear a sinner's cry !
And save a wretch thy law condemns to die !

2 Long has thy gospel sounded in mine ears,
And once I tho't I made thy ways my choice ;
But now, alas ! o'erwhelm'd with gloomy fears,
I scarce can hear my heav'nly Shepherd's voice :

**Oh, shine again ! revive my drooping heart ;
Subdue my foes, and bid my fears depart !**

**3 Entangled with the world's delusive charms,
Mine enemies against my soul prevail ;
Prevail to thrust me, wretched from thine arms,
While guilt and unbelief my hope assail :
O God, my God, display thy guardian care,
Nor let me fall a victim to despair !**

**4 Does not thy promise bid me rest secure ?
And can I trust thy faithfulness in vain ?
Shall not thy truth from age to age endure ?
And wilt thou not thy people's cause maintain ?
Then shine again, my fainting soul restore,
And hold me with thy hand to fall no more !**

HYMN 163. Eights and Sixes.

Healing from a view of the Cross.

WITH fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
When Israel's mourning tribes complain'd,

And sigh'd to be reliev'd ;
A serpent, straight the prophet made,
Of molten brass to view display'd :
The patient look'd and liv'd.

**2 But O ! what healing to the heart,
Doth Jesu's greater cross impart,
To those that seek a cure :
Israel of old, and we no less,
The same indulgent grace confess,
While life and breath endure.**

**3 To reason's view, this strange effect,
Self-righteous souls will still reject,
And perish in their pride ;
But those who're stung with sin and law,
Do all their rich salvation draw
From Jesu's bleeding side.**

4 May we then view the matchless cross,
All other objects count but loss ;
No other gain desire !

Here still be fix'd our feasted eyes,
Weeping with tears of glad surprize ;
And thankfully admire.

5 Hail, great Emmanuel, balmy name !
Thy praise the ransom'd will proclaim ;
Thee, we Physician call :
We own no other cure but thine,
Thou, the deliverer divine,
Our health, our life, our all.

HYMN 164. C. M.

Christian Resignation; or, God our Portion.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand ;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou should'st take them all away,
Yet would I not repine ;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmur'ring word,
Tho' the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

4 What is the world, with all its store ?
'Tis a deceitful cheat ;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A piercing thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall ;
'Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,
Be thou my all in all.

HYMN 165. C. M.

Submission and Hope in Divine Goodness.

1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey thro',
Thou art engag'd to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both ?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth !

6 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Will drive these thoughts away.

HYMN 166. C. M.

Christian Self-denial. Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23.

A ND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee ?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me,

2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
 Will more than make amends,
 For all the losses I sustain
 Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
 How worthless they appear,
 Compar'd with thee, supremely good,
 Divinely bright and fair !

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
 A single smile obtain,
 Tho' destitute of all things else,
 I'd glory in my gain.

HYMN 167. C. M.

Sincerity and Truth. Phil. iv. 8.

LET those who bear the Christian name,
 Their holy vows fulfil ;
 The saints, the follow'rs of the Lamb,
 Are men of honor still.

2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
 Tho' to their hurt they swear :
 Constant and just to all they speak,
 For God and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
 Nor flatt'ring words devise :
 They know the God of truth can see
 Thro' ev'ry false disguise.

4 From all deceit they swiftly fly,
 Whatever shape it wears,
 They love the truth—and when they die,
 Eternal life is theirs.

5 Lo ! from afar the Lord descends,
 And brings the judgment down ;

He bids the saints, his faithful friends,
Rise and possess their crown.

6 While Satan trembles at the sight,
And devils wish to die,
Where will the faithless hypocrite
And guilty liar fly ?

HYMN 168. L. M.

Tekel; or, the Sinner weighed in the Balances, and found wanting. Dan. v. 27.

RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye ;
Behold God's balance lifted high ;
There shall his justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2 See in one scale his perfect law ;
Mark with what force the precepts draw :
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain ?
Thy works how light ! thy thoughts how vain !

3 Behold the hand of God appears,
To trace in dreadful characters ;
"Sinner, thy soul is wanting found,
"And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."

4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace,
And horror change thy guilty face ;
Thro' all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
Till deep repentance melt thy soul.

5 One only hope may yet prevail ;
Christ hath a weight to turn the scale ;
Still doth the gospel publish peace,
And show a Saviour's righteousness.

6 Great God, exert thy pow'r to save ;
Deep on the heart these truths engrave ;
The pond'rous load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

HYMN 169. C. M.

A Sinner lamenting the delay of Divine Grace.

LONG have I walk'd this dreary road,
Beset with darkness round ;
Nor seen nor heard a smiling God,
Nor one bright moment found.

2 Others, who once did join my speech,
And mourn'd in painful lay,
Now, mounting up with rapture, stretch
To seize a heavenly day.

3 Far left behind to feel my woe,
With harden'd heart to groan,
Each pray'r, each struggle sinks me low,
Each breath repeats my moan.

4 The lengthen'd day, the gloomy night,
Draw fast the bands of grief :
Sometimes despair o'erclouds my sight,
And says, there's no relief.

5 Then conscience thunders, Sinai flames,
I try again to rise ;
The trial fails, and conscience blames
My pray'rs, my tears, my cries.

6 If hope perchance a moment gleams,
And says, Christ's blood was spilt ;
My heart of sin beclouds the beams,
And seals my death and guilt.

7 'Tis thus perplex'd, forlorn, and lost,
I spend my weary days ;
No Jesus comes, my hopes are crost,
While others sing and praise.

HYMN 170. L. M.

God's Answer to a Sinner complaining of Grace delayed.

SINNER, behold, I've heard thy groan,
I know thy heart, thy life I've known;
I've seen thy hope from grace proclaim'd,
Thy trembling fear when Sinai flain'd.

2 To me, the mighty God, attend,
In me behold the sinner's friend;
'Twas I who gave thy conscience voice,
Thou hast oppos'd by sinful choice.

3 Think not to bribe my sov'reign grace,
Nor move me by a sorrowing face;
'Tis thine own heart makes grace delay,
And hides a pard'ning, glorious day.

4 Mov'd by thy fear, and not by love,
Thy daily pray'rs are sent above;
Thou hast not wish'd my will to meet,
Nor lain submissive at my feet.

5 The holy terms of gospel grace,
Have hid my glory from thy face;
To hearts and wills like thine oppos'd,
The door of peace is ever clos'd.

6 Should thy proud will at length submit,
With holy sorrow deeply smit,
Thy voice would be the first to say,
I'm glorious in this long delay.

7 Stay, sinner, cease my grace to chide,
Nor think thy moan such sin can hide;
Delay no more, repent and live,
Or meet the death my wrath must give.

HYMN 171. C. M.

Longing for Heaven.

SURE 'tis in vain to seek for bliss,
For bliss can ne'er be found,
•Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread on heav'nly ground.

2 There's nothing round the spreading skies,
Or on this earthly clod :

Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God !

3 'Tis heaven on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quick'ning grace ;
And all the heav'n I hope above,
Is but to see his face.

4 Why move my years in slow delay ?
And why this fear to die ?

Death's but a guide that leads my way,
To a superior sky.

5 Dear Sov'reign, break these vital strings,
That bind me to my clay ;
Help me to rise and stretch my wings,
And mount and soar away.

HYMN 172. L. M.

A Christian passing through Death to Glory.

TIS Jesus calls my soul away,
I hear his voice and I obey ;
For sure his wond'rous pow'r to save,
Strangely perfumes the wasting grave.

2 My weakness, weariness, and pain,
My glorious leader can sustain,
To heal the wounds of sin and death,
He bids me look to him by faith.

3 Faith, like an anchor, through the veil,
Secures a hold that cannot fail ;
There, through a Saviour's cleansing blood,
Beholds a reconciled God.

4 This tott'ring frame I feel give way,
My sight decays, I lose the day ;
But sure I feel a pow'r divine,
And heav'nly glories round me shine.

5 In love triumphing now I sing ;
Death and the grave have lost their sting ;
Adieu, corruption, sin, and pain,
With Jesus now I live and reign.

6 Oh, the bright glories of the place,
What radiant smiles from Jesu's face !
Too bright for mortal heart to bear,
'Tis heav'n itself to see and hear.

7 Strangely inspir'd I find my tongue
Can speak my feelings in my song ;
And all the heav'nly armies join,
To sing Messiah all divine.

HYMN 173. L. M. In four parts.

Death and Heaven.

PART I.

*The Spirit's Farewell to the body after long
Sickness.*

HOW am I held a pris'ner now,
Far from my God ! this mortal chain
Binds me to sorrow : all below
Is short-liv'd ease, or tiresome pain.

2 When shall that wond'rous hour appear,
Which frees me from this dark abode,
To live at large, in regions where
Nor cloud nor veil shall hide my God.

3 Farewell this flesh, these ears, these eyes,
 These snares and fetters of the mind,
 My God ! Nor let this frame arise,
 Till ev'ry dust be well refin'd.

4 Blest Jesus ! make my nature whole,
 Mould me a body like thine own,
 Then shall it better serve my soul,
 In works of praise, and worlds unknown.

PART II.

The departing moment, or absent from the Body.

5 ABSENT from flesh ! O blissful thought !
 What unknown joys this moment brings !
 Freed from the mischief sin hath wrought
 From pain and tears and all their springs.

6 Absent from flesh ! illustrious day !
 Surprising scene ! triumphant stroke !
 That rends the prison of my clay,
 And I can feel my fetters broke.

7 Absent from flesh ! then rise my soul !
 Where feet or wings could never climb,
 Beyond the heav'ns where planets roll,
 Meas'ring the cares and joys of time.

8 I go where God and glory shine !
 His presence makes eternal day ;
 My all that's mortal I resign,
 For Jesus waits and points the way.

PART III.

Entrance into Paradise, or present with the Lord.

9 AND is this heav'n ? and am I there ?
 How short the road, how swift the flight !
 I am all life, all eye, all ear ;
 I am here—my soul's delight.

10 Is this the heav'ly friend, who hung
In blood and anguish on the tree,
Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung,
Who dy'd for them, who dy'd for me ?

11 Lo ! he presents me at the throne,
All spotless ; there the Godhead reigns,
Sublime and peaceful through the Son ;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly strains.

12 How fair, thou blest, eternal Word,
Full Godhead shines through all thy face,
Thy death procur'd this blest abode,
Thy vital beams adorn the place !

PART IV.

The sight of God in Heaven.

13 CREATOR GOD, eternal light,
Fountain of good, tremendous pow'r.
Ocean of wonders, blissful sight,
Beauty and love unknown before !

14 Thy grace, thy nature all unknown,
In yon dark region whence I came,
Where languid glimpses from thy throne,
And feeble whispers taught thy name.

15 I'm in a world where all is new ;
Myself, my God ; O blest amaze !
Not my best hopes or wishes knew,
To form a shadow of this grace.

16 Fix'd on my God, my heart, adore,
My restless thoughts, forbear to rove ;
Ye meaner passions, stir no more,
But all my pow'rs be joy and love.

HYMN 174. C. M.

Spiritual Mindedness ; or inward Religion.

REILIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
It's sov'reign virtue know !

2 More needful this, than glitt'ring wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Nor reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 Oh, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

HYMN 175. C. M.

Encouragement to Trust and Love God.

Psalm xxxiv.

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all who are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

HYMN CLXXVI.

- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Protection he affords to all,
Who make his name their trust.
- 4 Oh, make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his rust confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear : *
Come, make his service your delight ;
He'll make your wants his care.

HYMN 176. L. M.

Trust and confidence; or Looking beyond present appearances. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- A** WAY, my unbelieving fear,
Fear shall in me no more take place ;
Tho' Jesus doth not yet appear ;
But hides the brightness of his face.
- 2 Still I will never let him go,
Nor basely to the tempter yield :
His strength will lead triumphing thro',
I never will give up the field.
- 3 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil :
- 4 The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race ;
Yet I will triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

HYMN 177. L. M.

Despair prevented by Trust in God.

1 ORD, who shall drive my trembling soul,

From trust in thee to dark despair?

Who has survey'd the sacred roll,

And found my name not written there?

2 Presumptuous thought; to fix the bound!

To limit mercy's sov'reign reign!

What other happy souls have found,

Oh, may I seek, nor seek in vain!

3 I own my guilt, my sins confess;

Can men or devils make them more?

Of crimes already numberless,

Vain the attempt to swell the score.

4 Were the black list before my sight,

While I remember thou hast fly'd,

'Twill only urge my speedier flight,

To seek salvation at thy side.

5 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,

To thee reveal my guilt and fear;

And—if thou spurn me from thy throne,

I'll be the first who perish'd there.

HYMN 178. Eights and Sixes.

Fears removed—It is I, be not afraid!

John vi. 20.

UNCLEAN! unclean! and full of sin,

From first to last, alas, I've been!

Deceitful is my heart:

Guilt presses down my burden'd soul,

But Jesus can the waves control,

And bid my fears depart.

2 When first I heard his word of grace,

Ungratefully I hid my face,

Ungratefully delay'd;

HYMN CLXXXIX

At length his voice more pow'rful came,
“ Tis I,” he cry'd, “ I'm still the same,
“ Thou need'st not be afraid.”

3 My heart was chang'd—in that same hour,
My soul confess'd his mighty pow'r,
I shed a grateful tear :
Then listen'd still to hear his voice,
Again he said, “ In me rejoice,
“ Tis I, thou need'st not fear.”

4 “ Unworthy of thy love,” I cry'd,
“ Freely I love,” he soon reply'd,
“ On me thy faith be staid ;
“ On me for ev'ry thing depend,
“ I'm Jesus still, the sinner's friend,
“ Thou need'st not be afraid.”

HYMN 179. L. M.

Love to Jesus.

THEE will I love, my Lord, my tow'r ;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
Thee will I love, with all my pow'r
Of mind, and strength, and thee alone.

2 Thee will I love, and bless thy throne ;
Thee will I love, my Lord my God ;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
Thy smiles, thy sceptre, or thy rod.

HYMN 180. L. M.

Redeemed Sinners praising Eternal Love.

TO love divine, th' eternal song,
Shouted around Jehovah's throne ;
Attend, ye sav'd, ye pardon'd throng,
And make the rising notes your own.

2 'Tis yours to sing th' eternal date
 Of love divine, and how it moves
 To helpless man ; with triumph great,
 Sing loud, for God the song approves.

3 Hail Bethle' em ! Hail the ruddy morn,
 Whose rays beheld the infant God !
 Messiah, of a virgin born,
 A God ! a man to die in blood.

4 For us salvation wide displays
 Her amb'ent and refreshing wing ;
 Thy love, dear Saviour, we will praise,
 And all its peerless glories sing.

5 We'll sing the garden and the tree,
 Red with the blood that cries for peace ;
 Heav'n echoes back, as pleas'd in thee,
 To shew its glories and its grace.

6 We'll sing a note that high prevails,
 Above the angels free from sin ;
 Who cannot taste the love that heals,
 Or sweets of conscience thus made clean.

7 Thy love, O Jesus, is the theme,
 The song of saints shall ever tell ;
 And through eternity proclaim
 The vict'ry over sin and hell.

HYMN 181. C. M.

Longing for nearness to God.

1 Oh, could I find from day to day,
 A nearness to my God ;
 Then should my hours glide sweet away
 And lean upon his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live,
 Anew from day to day ;

**In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.**

**3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine ;**

**That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.**

**4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;**

**And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.**

**5 Through boundless grace, I then shall spend
An everlasting day,**

**In the embraces of that friend,
Who took my guilt away.**

**6 His worthy name shall have the praise,
To whom all praise is due ;**

**While angels and archangels gaze
On scenes for ever new.**

HYMN 182. L. M.

*The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief.
Mark ix. 24.*

JESUS, believing we rejoice,
And triumph in thy pard'ning voice :
But when our unbelief prevails,
Our hope departs, our comfort fails.

**2 Thy promise does our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive ;
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
When unbelief o'erclouds our eyes.**

**3 Oh, let not sin and Satan boast,
While we lie mourning in the dust ;
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
Which thine own gracious pow'r hath wrought.**

4 Do thou the dying spark inflame ;
 Reveal the glories of thy name ;
 And put all anxious doubts to flight,
 As shades dispers'd by op'ning light.

HYMN 183. C. M.

Christ the Head of the Church. Eph. iv. 15, 16.

JESUS, we sing thy matchless grace,
J That calls base worms thine own ;
 Gives them among thy saints a place,
 To make thy glories known.

2 Alli'd to thee, our vital head,
 We act and grow and thrive ;
 From thee divided, each is dead,
 When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
 All join in sweet accord ;
 One body all in mutual love,
 And thou, their common Lord.

4 Oh, may our faith each hour receive,
 The Spirit from above ;
 Thus death and hell shall ne'er receive
 Nor break the bond of love.

5 Thou, the whole body will present
 Before thy Father's face ;
 Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot,
 Its beauteous form disgrace.

HYMN 184. L. M.

Retirement and Meditation. Psalm iv. 4.

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
 And chase these shadowy forms no more ;
 Seek out some solitude to mourn,
 And thy forsaken God implore.

2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home ;
 Retir'd and silent seek them there ;
 This is the way to overcome,
 The way to break the tempter's snare.

3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
 Distinct surveys each deep recess,
 In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
 And with thy presence fill the place.

4 Through the recesses of my heart,
 My search let heav'nly wisdom guide,
 And still its radiant beams impart,
 Till all be search'd and purify'd.

5 Then with the visits of thy love,
 Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;
 Till ev'ry grace shall join to prove,
 That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

HYMN 185. C. M.

Submission under bereaving Providence.
 Ps. xlvi. 10.

PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,
 That blasts our joys in death ;
 Changes the visage once so dear,
 And gathers back our breath.

2 'Tis He, the Potentate supreme
 Of all the worlds above,
 Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
 Nor from their purpose move.

3 'Tis He, whose justice might demand
 Our souls a sacrifice ;
 Yet scatters, with unwearyed hand,
 A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our cov'nant-God and Father, he,
 In Christ, our bleeding Lord ;

Whose grace can heal the bursting heart,
With one reviving word.

5 Silent we own Jehovah's name ;
We kiss his scourging hand ;
And yield our comforts, and our life,
To his supreme command.

HYMN 186. C. M.

Belshazzar, or the Sinner trembling.
Dan. v. 5, 6.

POOR sinners ! little do they think
With whom they have to do !
They stand securely on the brink
Of everlasting woe.

2 Chaldea's king, profanely bold,
The Lord of hosts defy'd ;
But vengeance soon his boasts control'd,
And humbled all his pride.

3 He saw a hand upon the wall,
And trembled on his throne,
Which wrote his sudden, dreadful fall,
In characters unknown.

4 See him, o'erwhelm'd with deep distress !
His eyes with anguish roll ;
His looks and loosen'd joints express
The terrors of his soul.

5 His pomp and music, guests and wine,
No more delight afford :
O sinner, ere this case be thine,
Begin to seek the Lord.

6 The law, like this hand-writing, stands,
And speaks the wrath of God ;
But Jesus answers its demands,
And cancels it with blood.

HYMN 187. L. M.

Parable of the Wheat and Tares.

Matt. xiii. 37—42.

THOUGH in the earthly church below,
 The wheat and tares together grow ;
 Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
 And pluck the tares in anger up.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
 To recollect their stations here ?
 How much they heard, how much they knew,
 How long among the wheat they grew !

3 Oh ! this will aggravate their case !
 They perish under means of grace ;
 To them the word of life and faith
 Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
 Strangers might think we all were wheat ;
 But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
 Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spar'd for various ends,
 Some, for the sake of praying friends ;
 Others, the Lord against their will,
 Employs his counsels to fulfil.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
 His plan will not require them long ;
 In harvest, when he saves his own,
 The tares shall into hell be thrown.

HYMN 188. Eights and Sevens.

Blind Bartimeus. Mark x. 41. 48.

MERCY, O thou son of David ! ”
 Thus the blind Bartim'us pray'd ;
 Others by thy word are saved,
 Now to me afford thine aid.

2 Many for his crying chid him,
 But he call'd the louder still ;
 Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
 " Come, and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging us'd to live ;
 But he ask'd, and Jesus granted,
 Aims which none but he could give.

4 " Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
 " Let my eyes behold the day !"
 Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
 Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5 Oh ! methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around ;
 " Friends, is not my case amazing ?
 What a Saviour I have found !

6 Oh ! that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advis'd by me !
 Surely they would hasten to him,
 He would cause them all to see.

7 Now I freely leave my garment,
 Follow Jesus in the way,
 He will guide me by his counsel,
 Bring me to eternal day."

HYMN 189. L. M.

Our Bodies the Temple of the Holy Ghost.

1 Cor. vi. 19. 1 John v. 21.

A ND will th' offended God again
 Return and dwell with sinful men ?
 Will he within this bosom raise
 A living temple to his praise ?

2 The joyful news transports my breast,
 All hail ! I cry, thou heav'ly guest :
 Lift up your heads, ye powers within,
 And let the King of glory in.

3 Enter, with all thy heav'ly train,
 Here live, and here for ever reign ;
 Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway,
 Let love command, and I'll obey.

4 Reason and conscience shall submit
 And pay their homage at thy feet ;
 To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
 And bid each rival thence depart.

HYMN 190. Sevens and Sixes.

The Pilgrim's Song.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rds heav'n thy native place.
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course :
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source :
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
 While I that coast explore ;
 Flatt'ring world, with all thy snares,
 Solicit me no more.

Pilgrims fix not here their home,
 Strangers tarry but a night;
 When the last dear morn is come,
 They'll rise to joyful light.

4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon the Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies:
 There we'll join the heav'nly train,
 Welcom'd to partake the bliss;
 Fly from sorrow and from pain,
 To realms of endless peace.

HYMN 191. L. M.

The Christian Warfare.

JESUS, my king, proclaims the war,
 "Awake, the pow'rs of hell are near!"
 "Arm with my grace!" I hear him cry,
 "'Tis yours to conquer, or to die."

2 Rous'd by the animating sound,
 I cast my eager eyes around;
 Make haste to gird my armour on,
 And bid each trembling fear be gone.

3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
 The word of God, the sword I wield;
 With sacred truth my loins are girt,
 And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight,
 Resolv'd to put my foes to flight;
 While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
 His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I trust;
 His bleeding cross is all my boast;
 Thro' troops of foes he'll lead me on
 To victory, and the victor's crown.

HYMN 192. Sevens.

Flying to Christ under Temptation.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none,
Lo ! I helpless hang on thee :
Leave, Oh, leave me not alone,
Lest I basely shrink and flee ;
Thou art all my trust and aid,
All my help from thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing !

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within ;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee :
Reign, O Lord, within my heart,
Reign to all eternity.

HYMN 193. L. M.

Hypocrites, or the blasted Fig-tree. Mark xi. 20.

ONE awful word which Jesus spoke,
Against the tree which bare no fruit,
More dreadful than the lightning's stroke,
Blasted and dry'd it to the root.

2 How many, who the gospel hear,
Whom Satan blinds, and sin deceives,
May with this wither'd tree compare ?
They yield no fruit, but only leaves.

3 Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and talk,
Unless combin'd with faith and love,
And witness'd by a gospel walk,
Will not a true profession prove.

4 Without such fruit as God expects,
Knowledge will make our state the worse ;
The barren trees he still rejects,
And soon will blast them with his curse.

5 O Lord, unite our hearts in pray'r,
On each of us thy Spirit send ;
That we the fruits of grace may bear,
And find acceptance in the end.

HYMN 194. L. M.

Christians endangered by the cares of the world.
Luke x. 38—42.

BLESS'D Martha love and joy express'd,
To entertain her heavenly guest ;
While Mary, ravish'd with her Lord,
Sat at his feet, and heard his word.

2 True love divine, in both the same,
Led each to glorify his name ;
Each met her Lord with joyful heart,
" But Mary chose the better part."

3 While one prepar'd her earthly bread,
 The other waited to be fed ;
 One toil'd with care to spread a feast,
 The other lean'd on Jesu's breast.

4 Both met the favor of their Lord,
 His grace for each prepar'd a word ;
 While Mary drank full draughts of love,
 Grace, careful Martha did reprove.

5 Thus Christians with the world are vex'd,
 Oft are encumber'd and perplex'd ;
 Vain trifles so engross their thought,
 The one thing needful is forgot.

6 Teach us, dear Lord, that part to choose,
 Which through thy grace we ne'er shall lose ;
 Then could we call the world our own,
 We'd leave it all to see thy throne.

HYMN 195. C. M.

*The Rich Worldling condemned. Luke xii.
 16—21.*

“**M**Y barns are full, my stores increase,
 And now for many years,
 Soul, eat and drink, and take thine ease,
 Secure from wants and fears.”

2 Thus while a worldling boasted once,
 As many now presume ;
 He heard the Lord himself pronounce
 His sudden, awful doom :

3 “ This night, vain fool, thy soul must pass
 Into a world unknown :
 And who shall then the stores possess,
 Which thou hast call'd thine own !”

4 Thus blinded mortals fondly scheme
 For happiness below ;

Till death destroys the pleasing dream,
And they awake to woe.

5 Ah ! who can speak the vast dismay
That fills the sinner's mind,

When torn by death's strong hand away,
He leaves his all behind.

6 Worldlings, who cleave to earthly things,
But are not rich to God,
Will feel that death is full of stings,
And hell a dark abode.

7 Dear Saviour, make us timely wise,
Thy gospel to attend ;
That we may live above the skies,
When time and life shall end.

HYMN 196. S. M.

Importunate Prayer. Luke xviii. 1—7.

JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear ;
We never plead in vain ;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait ?
He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.

4 Jesus the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry ;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

5 His nature, truth and love,
Engage him on their side ;
When they are griev'd, his bowels move,
They will not be deny'd.

6 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer :
He sees, he hears, and from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

HYMN 197. L. M.

Exhortation to Prayer.

WHAT various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there ?

2 Pray'r makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw ;
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r we cease to fight ;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armor bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words ? Ah, think again.
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
“ Hear what the Lord hath done for me !”

HYMN 198. S. M.

Waiting at the Pool. John v. 2—4.

BE SIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor;
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 When will the Lord appear,
My malady to heal?
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.

3 How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

4 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.

5 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and cry;
Will Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

6 No! he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

HYMN 199. C. M.

Eternal Life in Christ. John vi. 67—69.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(As numbers often do,)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
“Wilt thou forsake me too?”

2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,

My faith will fail, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 'Tis thou alone hast pow'r and grace,
To save a wretch like me ;

To whom then shall I turn my face,
If I depart from thee ?

4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
Thou art the CHRIST of GOD ;

Who hast eternal life secur'd,
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd,
Could never reach my case !

Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart ;

No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

HYMN 200. Eights and Sixes.

Power of Divine Love. Acts ix. 6.

IF God had bid his thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been :

But mercy has my heart subdu'd,

A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,
And now I hate my sin.

2 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
Come, take possession of thine own,

For thou hast set me free ;

Releas'd from Satan's hard command,

See all my pow'rs in waiting stand,
To be employ'd by thee.

3 My will conform'd to thine would move;
On thee my hope, desire, and love,

In fix'd attention join :

My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue;
Have Satan's servants been too long,

But now they shall be thine.

4 And can I be the very same,
Who lately durst blaspheme thy name,

And on thy gospel tread ?

Surely each one who hears my case,
Will praise thee, and confess thy grace

Invincible indeed !

HYMN 201. C. M.

Joy in the Holy Ghost.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God, my Saviour and my God ;
I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home :

My sighs are turned into songs,
The Comforter is come.

3 Down from on high the blessed Dove,
Is come into my breast ;
To witness God's eternal love :
This is my heav'nly feast.

4 This makes me, Abba Father, cry,
With confidence of soul ;
It makes me cry, my Lord, my God,
And that without control.

5 There is a stream that issues forth
From God's eternal throne,

And from the Lamb, a living stream,
Clear as the chrystal stone.

6 The stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the angels sing ;
One cordial drop revives my heart ;
Hence all my joys do spring.

7 Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too :
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.

8 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd ,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd.

9 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love ;
My soul doth leap : but oh ! for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove !

10 Then should I fly far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin ;
Then should my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.

11 Then should my soul with angels feast,
On joys that always last :
Bless'd be my God, the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taste.

HYMN 202. C. M.

Rejoicing in a Revival of Religion.

HARK ! hear the sound, on earth 'tis found,
My soul delights to hear
Of dying love that's from above,
Of pardon bought most dear.

2 God's ministers, a flaming fire,
Are passing through the land,
Their voice is, " hear, repent, and fear,
" King Jesus is at hand."

3 Young converts sing, and praise their king,
And bless God's holy name ;
Whilst older saints, leave their complaints,
And joy to join the theme.

4 Convinc'd of sin, men now begin
To call upon the Lord,
Trembling they pray, and mourn the day
In which they scorn'd his word.

5 God's chariot rolls, and frights the souls
Of those who hate the truth ;
And saints in pray'r, cry, Lord, draw near,
Have mercy on the youth.

6 Pour down a shower of thy great pow'r,
On ev'ry aching heart ;
On all who try and humbly cry,
That they may have a part.

7 Come, sinners, all, hear now God's call,
And pray with one accord ;
Saints, raise your songs—with joyful tongues,
To hail th' approaching Lord.

HYMN 203. L. M.

An awakened Sinner lamenting his past security.

A LAS, alas, how blind I've been,
How little of myself I've seen !
Sportive I sail'd the sensual tide,
Thoughtless of God whom I defy'd.

2 I heard of heav'n, I heard of hell,
Where bliss and woe eternal dwell ;

But mock'd the threats of truth divine,
And scorn'd the place where angels shine.

3 My angry heart refus'd the blood,
Of a descending, suff'ring God ;
And guilty passion boldly broke
The holy law which heav'n had spoke.

4 Th'alluring world control'd my choice,
When conscience spake, I hush'd its voice,
Securely laugh'd along the road,
Which hapless millions first had trod.

5 Now the Almighty God comes near,
And makes me shake with awful fear ;
His terrors all my strength exhaust,
My fear grows high, my peace is lost.

6 With keen remorse I feel my wound,
And seem to hear the dreadful sound,
" Depart from me, thou wretch undone,
Go reap thy sin, and feel my frown."

7 Thus ends my mirthful, thoughtless life,
Fill'd up with folly, guilt and strife ;
Perhaps I sink to endless pain,
Nor hear the voice of joy again.

HYMN 204. C. M.

The successful Resolve. I will go in unto the King. Esther iv. 16.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve.

2 " I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 " Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess,
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sov'reign grace."

4 " I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives,
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives."

5 " Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my pray'r ;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there."

6 " I can but perish if I go,
I am resov'd to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

HYMN 205. Eights and Sixes.

The Returning Penitent.

WHEN with my mind devoutly press'd,
Dear Saviour, my revolving breast
Would past offences trace ;
Trembling I make the black review,
Yet pleas'd, behold, admiring too,
The pow'r of changing grace.

2 This tongue with blasphemies defil'd,
These feet to erring paths beguil'd,
In heav'nly league agree :
Who would beleive such lips could praise,
Or think from dark and winding ways,
I e'er should turn to thee ?

3 These eyes, that once abus'd the light,
Now lift to thee their wat'ry sight,
And weep a silent flood ;

These hands are rais'd in ceaseless pray'r, -
 Oh, wash away the stains they wear,
 In pure redeeming blood.

4 These ears, that once could entertain
 The midnight oath, the festive strain,
 Around the sinful board ;
 Now deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
 Avoid the throng, detest their joys,
 And long to hear thy word.

5 Thus art thou serv'd in ev'ry part,
 Go on, bless'd Lord, to cleanse my heart,
 That drossy thing refine ;
 That grace may nature's pow'r's control,
 And a new creature, body, soul,
 Be all, and wholly thine.

HYMN 206. Elevens.

And the Soul of the People was much discouraged because of the way. Numb. xxi. 4.

HOW many and great are the foes which infest
 The way thro' this world to the Canaan of rest ?
 The traveller ever his Lord would obey,
 Yet oft is discourag'd because of the way.

2 Though Satan, the world, and corruptions combine,
 And try to prevent the poor Pilgrim's design ;
 They cannot destroy, though they often betray,
 And make him discourag'd because of the way.

3 When good he would do, imperfections abound,

His graces are weak, and temptations surround ;
 For many turn back, and would lead him astray,
 Which makes him discourag'd because of the way.

4 Yet why should the Christian, of Canaan despair,
Perplex'd or alarm'd with dishonoring fear ?

Let him but his map and his leader obey,
Nor more be discourage'd because of the way.

5 In Christ inexhaustible treasures are stor'd,
And Jesus will suitable blessings afford ;
Then why should the Pilgrim be fill'd with dismay ?

Or why be discourag'd because of the way ?

6 Unquenchable love and omnipotent pow'r,
Will land him ere long on the heavenly shore ;
There pleasures eternal will amply repay,
For all the discouragements found in the way.

HYMN 207. Elevens.

Exceeding great and precious Promises.

2 Pet. i. 4.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled ?

2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
“ As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
ever be.

3 “ Fear not, I am with thee, Oh, be not dismay'd,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,

Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 “ When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.

5 " When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
 The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 " Ev'n down to old age, all my people shall
 prove

My Sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
 And then when grey hairs shall their temples
 adorn,

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 " The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
 shake,
 I'll never—no never—no never forsake."

HYMN 208. C. M.

The Request.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
 Thy Sov'reign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :

2 " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From ev'ry murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.

3 " Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
 My life and death attend ;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end."

HYMN 209.- C. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer. Matt. xxvi. 41.

A LAS, what hourly dangers rise !
 What snares beset my way !

To heav'n, Oh, let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears !

My weak resistance, ah, how vain !
How strong my foes and fears !

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid ;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy pow'rful aid impart,
Nor cease to be my guide.

6 Oh, keep me in thy heav'nly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee

HYMN 210. L. M.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow,
In faith and love, and ev'ry grace ;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r ;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request,

And by his love's restraining pow'r,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart ;
And let the angry pow'rs of hell,
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea more, with his own hand, he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe ;
Cross'd all the vast designs I schem'd,
Blasted my grounds, and laid me low.

6 "Lord, why is this," I trembling cry'd,
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death!"
" 'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
"I answer pray'r for grace and faith.

7 "These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride, to set thee free ;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

HYMN 211. C. M.

Secret Prayer. Matt. vi. 6.

FATHER Divine, thy piercing eye,
Sees thro' the darkest night ;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart discerning sight.

2 There may thy piercing eye survey
My solemn homage paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry evening's shade.

3 Oh, let thy own celestial fire,
The incense still inflame ;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
 My soul in secret bless ;
 So shalt thou deign in worlds above,
 Thy suppliant to confess.

HYMN 212. L. M.

Family Prayer. Gen. xviii. 19.

FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
 Which crowns our families with peace ;
 From thee they spring, and by thy hand,
 They were and still shall be sustain'd.

2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
 Be our domestic altars rais'd :
 Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwell
 With saints, in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
 Morning and night present its vows ;
 Our servants there, and rising race,
 Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 Oh, may each future age proclaim
 The honors of thy glorious name ;
 While, pleas'd and thankful, we remove
 To join the family above.

HYMN 213. L. M.

The Christian's noblest Resolution.

Jos. xxiv. 15.

O WRETCHED souls, who strive in vain,
 Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !
 A nobler toil may I sustain,
 A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve with all my heart,
 With all my pow'rs, to serve the Lord ;
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.

3 Oh, be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine ;
Till others love the bless'd employ,
And join in labors so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wand'ring, leave his sacred ways :
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

HYMN 214. Eights.

Prayer for Assurance.

COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
Bear witness that I'm born again ;
Come and baptize me, Lord, with fire,
Nor let a doubt or cloud remain ;
Give me the sense of sin forgiv'n,
Sweet fore-taste of approaching heav'n.

2 Oh, give th' indisputable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine :
True holiness I long to feel,
The signature of love divine ;
Oh, shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heav'n, of God !

HYMN 215. L. M.

Sufficiency of Divine Grace. 2 Cor. xii. 9.

OPPRESS'D with unbelief and sin,
Fightings without, and fears within ;
While earth and hell, with force combin'd,
Disturb'd and terrify'd my mind :

2 Thus sorely prest, I sought the Lord,
To give me some sweet cheering word ;
Again I sought, and yet again,
I waited long, but not in vain.

3 Oh ! 'twas a cheering word indeed !
Exactly suited to my need :
“ Sufficient for thee is my grace,
Thy weakness, my great pow'r displays.”

4 Now I despond and mourn no more,
I welcome all I fear'd before ;
Though weak, I'm strong ; tho' troubled, blest,
For Christ's own pow'r shall on me rest.

HYMN 216. C. M.

Contentment. Philip. iv. 11.

FIERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea ;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.

2 In vain by reason and by rule,
We try to bend the will ;
For none but in the Saviour's school,
Can learn the heav'nly skill.

3 Since at his feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.

4 'Tis he appoints my daily lot,
And will do all things well ;
Soon shall I leave this wretched spot,
And rise with him to dwell.

5 In life his grace shall strength supply,
Proportion'd to my day ;

In death I still shall find him nigh,
To bear my soul away.

6 Thus I, who once my wretched days,
In vain repining spent,
Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
Have learn'd to be content.

HYMN 217. L. M.

Contentment and Patience from the Example of Christ. Heb. xii. 2.

BY various maxims, forms and rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I strove my passion to restrain ;
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

2 But since the Saviour I have known,
My rules are all reduc'd to one ;
I keep my Lord by faith in view,
Which strength supplies, and motives too.

3 I see him lead a suff'ring life,
Patient amidst reproach and strife ;
And from this pattern courage take,
To bear and suffer for his sake.

4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And by the sight from guilt am freed ;
This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens heav'nly life within.

5 To look to Jesus as he rose,
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes ;
Satan I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

6 Exalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own ;
Then all my anxious cares subside,
For Jesus lives, and will provide.

HYMN 218. C. M.

Benefit of Afflictions. Heb. xii. 5—11.

BREAK thro' the clouds, dear Lord, and shine,
Let us perceive thee nigh!
And to each mourning child of thine,
These gracious words apply :
2 “ Let not my children slight the stroke,
I for chastisement send ;
Nor faint beneath thy kind rebuke,
For I am still their friend.
3 “ The wicked I perhaps may leave
Awhile, and not reprove ;
But all the children I receive,
I scourge, because I love.
4 “ I see your hearts at present fill'd,
With grief and deep distress ;
But soon these bitter seeds shall yield,
The fruits of righteousness.”

HYMN 219. L. M.

Perseverance Rewarded. Rev. iii. 7—13.

THUS saith the Holy One, and true,
To each of his beloved few ;
“ Of heav'n and hell I hold the keys,
To shut, or open, as I please.
2 “ I know thy works, and I approve,
Though small thy strength, sincere thy love ;
Go on, my word and name to own,
For none shall rob thee of thy crown.
3 “ Before thee see my mercy's door,
Stands open wide to shut no more ;
Fear not temptation's fiery day,
For I will be thy strength and stay.

4 "Thou hast my promise, hold it fast,
The trying hour will soon be past ;
Rejoice, for, lo ! I quickly come,
To take thee to my heav'nly home.

5 "A pillar there no more to move,
Inscrib'd with all my names of love :
A monument of mighty grace,
Thou shalt for ever have a place."

6 Such is the conqueror's reward,
Prepar'd and promis'd by the Lord !
Let him that hath the ear of faith,
Attend to what the Spirit saith.

HYMN 220. S. M.

Persevering Grace. Jude, ver. 24, 25.

TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present his saints,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne ;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and pow'r belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And one eternal song.

HYMN 221. L. M.

The Old and New Creation.

THAT was a wonder-working word,
Which could the vast creation raise!
Angels attendant on their Lord,
Admir'd the plan, and sang his praise.

2 From what a dark and shapeless mass,
All nature sprang at his command!
“ Let there be light, and light there was,”
And sun, and stars, and sea, and land.

3 Thus the new-forming of the soul,
Does all the pow'r of God display;
As when he form'd the mighty whole,
And kindled darkness into day.

4 Tho' self destroy'd, O Lord, we are,
Yet let us feel what thou canst do;
Thy word the ruin can repair,
And all our hearts create anew.

HYMN 222. L. M.

The Happy Change.

IN sin by blinded passions led,
In search of fancy's good we range;
The paths of disappointment tread,
To nothing fix'd, but love of change.

2 But when the Holy Ghost imparts
A knowledge of the Saviour's love;
Our wand'ring, weary, restless hearts,
Are then renew'd, no more to rove.

3 Now a new principle takes place,
Which guides and animates the will,
This love, another name for grace,
Constrains to good, and bars from ill.

4 By love's pure light we soon perceive
Our noblest bliss and proper end ;
And gladly ev'ry idol leave,
To love and serve our Lord and Friend.

HYMN 223. C. M.

The Lord's call to his Elect. 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.

LET us adore the grace that seeks,
To draw our hearts above !
Attend, 'tis God the Saviour speaks,
And ev'ry word is love.

2 So holy, just and pure his throne,
Each angel veils his face ;
A people still he calls his own,
Amongst our sinful race.

3 Careless, awhile, they live in sin,
Enslav'd to Satan's pow'r ;
But they obey the call divine,
In his appointed hour.

4 " Come forth, he says, no more pursue,
The path that leads to death ;
Look up, a bleeding Saviour view,
Look, and be sav'd by faith.

5 " My sons and daughters you shall be,
Through the atoning blood ;
And you shall claim and find in me,
A Father and a God."

6 Lord, speak these words to ev'ry heart,
By thine all-pow'rful voice ;
That we may now from sin depart,
And make thy love our choice.

7 If now we learn to seek thy face,
By Christ, the living way ;
We'll praise thee for this hour of grace,
Through an eternal day.

HYMN 224. C. M.

Waiting at Wisdom's Gate. Prov. viii. 34, 35.

MY heart has been too long ensnar'd,
In folly's hurtful ways ;
Oh, may I be at length prepar'd,
To hear what wisdom says !

2 'Tis Jesus from the mercy-seat,
Invites me to his rest ;
He calls poor sinners to his feet,
To make them truly blest.

3 Approach, my soul, to wisdom's gates,
Approach without delay ;
No one who watches there, and waits,
Shall e'er be turn'd away.

4 He will not let me seek in vain,
For all, who trust his word,
Shall everlasting life obtain,
And favor from the Lord.

5 Now I would break my league with death,
And live to thee alone ;
Oh, let thy Spirit's seal of faith,
Secure me for thine own.

HYMN 225. L. M.

The Majesty and Perfections of God.

JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty ;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
 His justice guards his holy law,
 His love reveals a smiling face,
 His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Thro' all his works his wisdom shines,
 And baffles Satan's deep designs ;
 His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
 The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend,
 To be my Father and my friend ?
 Then let my songs with angels join ;
 Heav'n is secur'd if God be mine.

HYMN 226. C. M.

Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification.

HOW sad our state by nature is !
 Our sin, how deep it stains !
 And Satan holds our captive minds
 Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word,
 " Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
 And runs to this relief :
 I would believe thy promise, Lord,
 Oh, help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
 * Incarnate God, I fly :
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
 My reigning sins subdue :

Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With his apostate crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall ;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

HYMN 227. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and (O amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled ;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And break our iron chains ;
Jesus has freed our captive souls,
From everlasting pains.

5 In vain the baffled prince of hell,
His cruel projects tries ;
We that were doom'd his endless slaves,
Are rais'd above the skies.

6 Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praises speak.]

7 Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame :
Hosanna round the spacious earth,
To thine adored name.

8 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN 228. C. M.

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That cloth'd himself in clay ;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away !

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Emmanuel rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our cruel foes.

3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down ;
Our blest Redeemer fills a seat,
On the celestial throne.

[5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode ;
Sweet be the accents of your song
To our incarnate God.

**6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Emmanuel's praise.]**

HYMN 229. L. M.

Remembering all the way the Lord has led me.

Deut. viii. 2.

THUS far my God has led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known ;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
2 Thro' this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home ;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dang'rous way.

3 Temptations ev'ry where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy ;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees ev'ry day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God ?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below ?

6 'Tis even so, thy faithful love,
Doth all thy children's graces prove ;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

HYMN 230. L. M.

The Justice and Goodness of God.

GREAT God, my maker, and my king,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing ;
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just :

2 Thy ancient thoughts and firm decrees,
Thy threat'nings and thy promises,
The joys of heav'n, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel :

3 Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
Thy threat'ning rod and smiling face,
Thy wounding and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world restor'd :

4 While these excite my fear and joy ;
While these my tuneful lips employ ;
Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

HYMN 231. Eights and Sevens.

Christ the Best of Friends.

QUE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love !

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But this Saviour dy'd to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God :
It was boundless love to bleed ;
Jesus is a friend indeed.

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name ;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same :
 Still he calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
 We alas ! forget too often,
 What a friend we have above :
 When to heav'n our souls are brought,
 We will love thee as we ought.

HYMN 232. L. M.

Invitation to free Salvation. Isai. Iv. 1.

HO ! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
 ('Tis God invites the fallen race,)
 Mercy and free salvation buy !
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come,
 Sinners, obey your Maker's voice ;
 Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
 And in Redeeming love rejoice.

3 See, from the rock, a fountain rise !
 For you in healing streams it rolls ;
 Money ye need not bring, nor price,
 Ye lab'ring, burden'd, thirsting souls.

4 Ye nothing in exchange can give ;
 Leave all you have, and are, behind ;
 Frankly the gift of God receive ;
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

HYMN 233. L. M.

Man by Nature, Grace and Glory.

LORD, what is man? Extremes how wide,
In his mysterious nature join!
The flesh, to worms and dust ally'd,
The soul immortal and divine.

2 Divine at first a holy flame,
Kindled by the Almighty's breath;
Till stain'd by sin, it soon became
The seat of darkness, strife and death.

3 But Jesus, O amazing grace!
Assum'd our nature as his own,
Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,
Then took it with him to his throne.

4 Near to which throne, and high in song,
Men shall their hallelujahs raise;
While wond'ring angels join the throng,
And swell the chorus of his praise.

HYMN 234. S. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

PREPARE a thankful song,
To the Redeemer's name;
Let his high praise employ each tongue,
And ev'ry heart inflame!

2 He laid his glory by,
And bitter pains endur'd;
That sinners of the blackest die,
From wrath might be secur'd.

3 Stretch'd on the cross he dy'd,
Our debt of sin to pay,
The blood and water from his side,
Wash guilt and filth away.

4 Pleading for us he stands,
Before the Father's throne ;
And answers all the Law's demands,
With what himself hath done.

5 The Holy Ghost he sends,
Our stubborn souls to move ;
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

6 Assur'd that Christ our King,
Will put our foes to flight ;
We, on the field of battle, sing,
And triumph while we fight.

HYMN 235. L. M.

The new Convert humbled.

THE new born child of gospel grace,
Like some fair tree, when summer's nigh,
Beneath Emmanuel's shining face,
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.

2 No fear he feels, he sees no foes,
No conflict yet his faith employs,
Nor has he learnt to whom he owes,
The strength and peace his soul enjoys.

3 But sin soon darts its cruel sting,
And comforts sink from day to day ;
What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring,
Proves but a brook that glides away.

4 When Gideon arm'd his num'rous host,
The Lord soon made his numbers less ;
And said, lest Israel vainly boast,
" My arm procur'd me this success."

5 Thus will he bring our spirits down,
And draw our ebbing comforts low,
That, sav'd by grace, but not our own,
We may not claim the praise we owe:

HYMN 236. C. M.

True and False Comforts.

O GOD, whose favorable eye
The sin-sick soul revives ;
Holy and heav'nly is the joy,
Thy shining presence gives.

2 This hypocrites have ne'er believ'd,
They judge with graceless hearts ;
Swell'd with their pride, they are deceiv'd,
By Satan's wily arts.

3 Unholy, selfish joys are theirs,
And while they boast their light,
And seem to soar above the stars,
They're plunging into night.

4 Lull'd in a soft and formal sleep,
They sin and yet rejoice ;
Were they indeed the Saviour's sheep,
They sure would hear his voice.

5 Be mine the comforts that reclaim
The soul from Satan's pow'r ;
That make me blush for what I am,
And hate my sin the more.

6 'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
At thy dear feet to lie ;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly.

HYMN 237. C. M.

True and False Zeal.

ZEAL is that pure and heav'ly flame,
The fire of love supplies ;
While that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear ;
The false, is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace :
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
Its end is satisfy'd,
If sinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor seeks it aught beside.

5 But self, however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view ;
And says, as boasting Jehu cry'd,
“Come, see what I can do.”

6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here ;
But zeal the best applause will gain,
When Jesus shall appear.

7 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove :
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love.

HYMN 238. L. M.

A Living and a Dead Faith.

TH E Lord receives his highest praise,
From humble minds and hearts sincere ;
While all the loud professor says,
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

2 To walk as children of the day,
To mark his precepts' holy light,
To wage the warfare, watch and pray,
Shew who are pleasing in his sight.

3 Not words alone, it cost the Lord,
To purchase pardon for his own :
Nor will a soul, by grace restor'd,
Rest in mere forms and words alone.

4 Easy indeed it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If wat'ry floods and fluent speech
Might serve instead of faith and love.

5 But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see ;
Who talk of rich and sov'reign grace,
Unless from sin they are made free.

HYMN 239. S. M.

Are there few that shall be saved ? Luke xiii. 23.

DESTRUCTI ON'S dangerous road
What multitudes pursue !
While that which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.

2 Believers find the way
Thro' Christ, the living gate ;
But those who hate this holy way,
Complain it is too strait.

3 If self must be deny'd,
And sin no more caress'd,
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it best.

4 Encompass'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend ;
They say, so many can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end.

5 But hear the Saviour's word,
" Strive for the heav'nly gate ;
Many will call upon the Lord,
And find their cries too late."

6 Obey the Gospel call,
And enter while you may ;
The flock of Christ is always small,
And none are safe but they.

7 Lord, open sinner's eyes,
Their awful state to see ;
And make them, ere the storm arise,
To thee for safety flee.

HYMN 240. L. M.

The Power of the Gospel proves its Divinity.

1 LET anxious doubts be heard no more,
But Christ and joy be all our theme ;
The Spirit seals his Gospel sure
To ev'ry soul that trusts his name.

2 Jesus, thy witness speaks within,
The mercy, which thy words reveal,
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps its own celestial seal.

3 'Tis God's renewing, gracious hand,
That moulds and forms the heart anew ;

Transgressors can no more withstand,
But bow and own his doctrine true.

4 The guilty wretch, that trusts thy blood,
Finds peace and pardon at the cross ;
The soul that was averse to God,
Believes and loves his Maker's laws.

5 Let proud opposers cease their strife,
And own, O Lord, the work is thine ;
The voice that calls the dead to life,
Must be almighty and divine.

HYMN 241. C. M.

The hidden life of a Christian.

O HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie grov'ling here !
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine,
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees ;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heav'nly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world of time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne,
To raise his figure here ;
Content and pleas'd to live alone,
Till Christ his life appear.

6 He looks to heav'n's eternal hills,
 To meet that glorious day :
 Dear Lord, how slow thy chariot-wheels,
 How long is thy delay !

HYMN 242. S. M.

Forms vain without Religion.

A LMIGHTY Maker God !
 A How wond'rous is thy name !
 Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
 Thro' the creation's frame.

2 Nature in every dress
 Her humble homage pays :
 And finds a thousand ways t' express
 Thine undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
 To her Creator too ;
 Fain would my tongue adore my king,
 And pay the worship due.

4 Create my soul anew,
 Else all my worship's vain ;
 This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
 Until 'tis form'd again.

5 Let joy and worship spend
 The remnant of my days,
 And to my God, my soul, ascend
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

HYMN 243. S. M.

He beheld the City and wept over it.
 Luke xix. 41.

D ID Christ o'er sinners weep ?
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

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2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see !
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept, that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear :
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

4 Joy beams in ev'ry eye,
And fills each holy heart ;
All join to sound the triumph high,
In praise to bear their part.

HYMN 244. L. M.

Ezekiel's Vision of the dry bones. Ezek.
xxxvii. 3.

LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
L See Adam's race in ruin lie ;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

2 And can these mould'ring corpses live ?
And can these perish'd bones revive ?
That, mighty God, to thee is known ;
That wond'rous work is all thy own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain ;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death :
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice ;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
 Shall shake the heav'ns and rend the ground,
 Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
 And spring to life beyond the skies.

HYMN 245. L. M.

Thy kingdom come. Matt. vi. 10.

A SCEND thy throne, Almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad ;
 Let thine own arm salvation bring,
 And be thou known, the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
 Let humble mourners seek thy face,
 Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
 Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.

3 Oh, let the kingdoms of the world
 Become the kingdoms of the Lord ;
 Let saints and angels praise thy name,
 Be thou thro' heav'n and earth ador'd.

HYMN 246. L. M.

Acceptance through Christ alone.. John xiv. 6.

HOW shall the sons of men appear,
H Great God, before thine awful bar ?
 How may the guilty hope to find
 Acceptance with th' eternal mind ?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
 Not the most costly sacrifice,
 Not infant blood profusely spilt,
 Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 The blood of Jesus Christ alone,
 Hath sov'reign virtue to atone ;

Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

4 'Tis through his merit we'll arise,
And learn to sing above the skies ;
We'll join the triumph round the throne,
And praise th' eternal Three in One.

HYMN 247. L. M. In three parts.

The Prodigal Son.

PART I.

The Sinner departing from God.

SEE the rash youth, defil'd with sin,
Hear how he claims with haughty voice,
To have his portion, and begin,
In vice and madness to rejoice.

2 His father gave with bounteous hands,
Richly were all his wants supply'd ;
Thankless he took ; in foreign lands
Wasted in pleasure, pomp, and pride.

3 In lust and wine he spent the whole,
Forgot his father and his home ;
Nor thought nor felt he had a soul
Expos'd to meet the wrath to come.

4 The giddy crowd that round him throng,
In ev'ry sinful folly join ;
Approve the mirth and chant the song,
That casts contempt on things divine.

5 Thus lur'd by charms of flatt'ring vice,
The rebel sees his substance fled ;
His friends forsake, his wants arise,
For sin has struck his comforts dead.

PART II.

The Sinner under Conviction.

6 WITH dying want the sinner cries,
Nor thinks rebellion makes his pain ;
To strangers, far from home, applies,
Nor seeks his father's grace to gain.

7 See the poor wretch with hunger prest,
Sunk low with swine to have a share ;
Alas ! how far from peaceful rest,
Tortur'd by conscience, guilt and fear.

8 'Tis thus the God of sov'reign grace
Begins to bring a rebel home ;
The Spirit shews his wretched case,
And points a judgment still to come.

9 Now self condemn'd, to works he flies,
And thinks to cleanse a guilty mind ;
Still far from penitence, which cries
To God for help, and feels resign'd.

10 Blinded by sin, to duty lost,
He grasps the husks and hates the bread ;
Till all his expectations crost,
His hopes from self and means are fled.

PART III.

The Sinner brought to true Repentance.

11 NOW see, the rebel raise his eyes,
From dreaming folly just awake ;
His soul relents with strange surprise,
And all his heart begins to break.

12 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
This death I feel in sinful lands,
While servants of my father share
The lib'ral bounty of his hands.

13 With deep repentance on my tongue,
I'll go and seek my father's face ;
Unworthy to be call'd a son,
I'll only ask a servant's place.

14 I'll tell him how I've griev'd his love,
And basely fled his holy sight,
How I've provok'd all heav'n above,
Nor thought nor done a thing that's right.

15 Far off his father saw him come,
And o'er him all his bowels yearn'd ;
He rose to bless and greet his son,
And crown'd with grace his safe return.

16 The rebel's heart with sorrow fill'd,
Bled for the crimes which he had done,
Through all the courts the triumph smil'd,
And sang the father's grace alone.

HYMN 248. C. M.

Vanity of the World. Psal. iv. 6.

1 N vain the giddy world inquires,
Forgetful of their God,
“ Who will supply our vast desires,
Or shew us any good ? ”

2 Thro' the wide circuit of the earth,
Their eager wishes rove,
In chase of honor, wealth, and mirth,
The phantoms of their love.

3 But oft these shadowy joys elude
Their most intense pursuit ;
Or if they seize the fancied good,
There's poison in the fruit.

4 Lord, from this world call off my loye,
Set my affections right ;

Bid me aspire to joys above,
And walk no more by sight.

5 Oh, let the glories of thy face
Upon my bosom shine :
Assur'd of thy forgiving grace,
My joys will be divine.

HYMN 249. C. M.

*The whole World no compensation for the loss of
one Soul. Mark viii. 36.*

L ORD, shall we part with gold for dross,
With solid good for show ?
Outlive our bliss, and mourn our loss,
In everlasting woe ?

2 Let us not lose the living God,
For one short dream of joy :
With fond embrace cling to a clod,
And fling all heav'n away.
3 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear,
We all thy charms defy ;
And rate our precious souls too dear,
For all thy wealth to buy.

HYMN 250. L. M.

The Farewell.

D EAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares ;
To sensual bliss that charms us so,
Be dark mine eyes and deaf mine ears.

2 Lord, I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize ;
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

3 All earthly joys are overweigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care :
And where's the sweet that is not laid,
A bait to some destructive snare ?

4 Come, heav'n, and fill my vast desires,
My soul pursues the sov'reign good :
She was all made of heav'nly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

HYMN 251. C. M.

The Future Increase of the Church Promised.

Psalm ii. 8.

FAATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run ?

2 " Ask, and I'll give the heathen lands,
For thine inheritance ;
And to the world's remotest ends
Thine empire shall advance."

3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own ;
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne ?

4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Under th' expanse of heav'n,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exception giv'n ?

5 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd !
Let earth, with all its millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord !

HYMN 252. L. M.

Prayer for the Millennium.

HOW many years has man been driv'n
Far off from happiness and heav'n ?
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore
Thy wand'ring church, to roam no more ?

2 Six thousand years are nearly past,
Since Adam from thy sight was cast ;
And ever since, his fallen race,
From age to age, are void of grace.

3 When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb ?
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep th' eternal jubilee !

4 Hasten it, Lord, in ev'ry land,
Send thou thine angels, and command,
" Go, sound deliv'rance, loudly blow
Salvation to the saints below ! "

5 We long to have the day appear,
The promis'd great sabbatic year ;
When, far from grief, and sin and hell,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

6 Till then, we will not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong request ;
And this our daily pray'r shall be,
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

HYMN 253. Eights.

Christians Praying for Jews.

FAATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear,
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed :
Justly they claim the softest prayer
From us, adopted in their stead ;
Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.

2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide,
 Through ev'ry nation under heav'n,
 Blaspheming whom they crucify'd,
 Unsav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n :
 Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
 Abhor'd of men, and curs'd of God.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
 For ever cast thine own away ?
 Wilt thou not bid the murd'rers look
 On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray ?
 Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past ;
 " All Israel shall be sav'd at last."

4 Come then, thou great Deliv'rer, come,
 The veil from Jacob's heart remove ;
 Receive thine ancient people home,
 That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
 The world may their reception view,
 And shout to God the glory due.

HYMN 254. L. M.

A Prayer for the Opposers of Experimental Religion.

BLEST Lord, behold the guilty scorn
 Of those who hate and mock our praise,
 Pity their state, and make them turn,
 No more to walk in sinful ways.

2 Anxious we see their wretched state,
 Who never think of heav'n or hell ;
 They laugh and sport, and court the gate,
 Which opes where endless terrors dwell.

3 If pray'r and faith did e'er prevail,
 Now help us, Lord, to raise our hands ;
 Prepare our hearts thy grace to hail,
 Then break their soul-destroying bands.

4 Lead them to view a sinful heart,
 A soul all enmity to thee,
 Destroy'd, defil'd in every part,
 Too proud to bow, too blind to see.

5 Lead them to view a holy law,
 Which justly dooms to endless death,
 To feel that guilt which Jesus saw,
 And pray'd, forgive, with dying breath.

6 Open their eyes, unstop their ears,
 To hear condemning justice sound ;
 Lord, change their hearts, and then their tears
 Will witness grief to all around.

7 Once we were blind, like them we strove,
 Till sov'reign mercy chang'd our ways ;
 Lord, bow their wills, and make them love,
 Then they will join our songs of praise.

HYMN 255. L. M.

A Prayer for Success to Missions.

GREAT God of glory, show thy face,
 And crown our efforts with thy grace ;
 In heathen lands thy gospel bless,
 And here secure its large increase.

2 Let Jews and Gentiles, bond and free,
 Embrace salvation, Lord, by thee ;
 While those who now in darkness dwell,
 Deliv'rance sing from guilt and hell.

3 Millions there are on heathen ground,
 Who never heard the gospel's sound ;
 Oh, send it forth, and let it run,
 Swift and reviving as the sun.

4 Oh, look on those, who stand to tell
 Sinners the way that leads from hell :

Guide thou their lips, their hearts unite ;
Teach them to act as in thy sight.

5 To those who give, do thou impart
A gen'rous, wise and tender heart ;
Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care,
That in thy grace they all may share.

6 Let many stand around thy throne,
From diff'rent climes, let many own,
The banner of the cross unfurl'd
Has sav'd from hell a ruin'd world.

HYMN 256. Eights and Sevens.

* *Declension Lamented.*

ONCE, O Lord, thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green ;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen !

2 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal and love and truth ?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth !

4 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

5 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant !
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in their bud !

6 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again ;
 Oh, permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain !

HYMN 257. L. M.

Hoping for a Revival.

WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
 To see the work of God decline,
 Methought I heard the Saviour say,
 " Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine."

2 " Though for a time I hid my face,
 Rely upon my love and pow'r :
 Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
 And wait for a reviving hour.

3 " Take down thy long neglected harp,
 I've seen thy tears, and heard thy pray'r
 The winter season has been sharp,
 But spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord, I obey, my hopes revive,
 Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing,
 Our foes in vain against us strive,
 For God will help and triumph bring.

HYMN 258. C. M.

A Hymn for Christian Conference.

OLORD, our languid souls inspire,
 For here we trust thou art !
 Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
 To warm each waiting heart.

2 Shew us some tokens of thy love,
 Our fainting hope to raise ;
 And pour thy blessing from above,
 That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy praise,
And love and concord dwell :
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs ;
And in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Induce dead sinners all around,
To come and fill the place.

HYMN 259. L. M.

A welcome to Christian Friends.

BRETHREN, belov'd, for Jesu's sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which he alone can give !

2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love !

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When thus we meet to pray and praise,
We only wish to speak of him,
And tell the wonders of his grace.

4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
His suff'ring and his dying love,

The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And how he triumphs now above.

5 Thus as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
Then hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

HYMN 260. C. M.

The Benefit of Gospel Privileges.

HOW happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell !
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

2 Wand'ring in sin, our souls he found,
And bade us seek his face ;
Gave us to hear the gospel sound,
And taste the gospel grace.

3 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light ;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And breaks the gloom of night.

4 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine ;
But give us still to find thee near,
And own us still for thine.

5 Let us enjoy and highly prize
These tokens of thy love ;
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
To worship thee above.

HYMN 261. L. M.

Rising to God.

NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time ;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth ?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys ?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God ?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large ;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above ;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

HYMN 262. C. M.

Youth and Judgment.

LO ! the young tribes of Adam rise,
And through all nature rove ;
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

2 They give a loose to wild desires ;
But let the sinners know
The strict account that God requires,
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high,
 The frightened earth and seas,
 Avoid the fury of his eye,
 And flee before his face.

4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
 And stand the fiery test !
 I give all mortal joys away,
 To be for ever blest.

HYMN 263. C. M.

*The Encouragement Young Persons have to seek
 and love Christ. Prov. viii. 17.*

Y E hearts with youthful vigor warm,
 In smiling crouds draw near,
 And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you ;
 And lays his radiant glories by,
 Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
 Is sure my love to gain ;
 And those that early seek my grace,
 Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
 If once compar'd with thee ?
 What beauty should command my love,
 Like what in Christ I see ?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind !
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 And here true bliss I find.

HYMN 264. C. M.

Youth the most accepted time.

SEE how the little toiling ant
Improves the harvest hours !
While summer lasts, through all her cells
The choicest stores she pours.

2 While life remains, our harvest lasts ;
But youth of life's the prime ;
Best is the season for our work,
And this th' accepted time.

3 To-day attend, is wisdom's voice,
To-morrow, folly cries :
And still to-morrow 'tis, when, Oh !
To-day the sinner dies.

4 When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
And seize the tender hour ;
Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
And God will give the pow'r.

HYMN 265. L. M.

A lovely Youth falling short of Heaven.
Mark x. 21.

MUST all the charms of nature then,
So hopeless to salvation prove ;
Can hell demand, can heav'n condemn,
The man whom Jesus deigns to love ?

2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbors all their due ;
A modest, sober, lovely youth,
Who thought he wanted nothing new !

3 But mark the change : thus spake the Lord,
"Come, part with earth for heav'n to-day"
The youth, astonish'd at the word,
In silent sadness went his way.

4 Poor virtues, that he boasted so,
 This test unable to endure,
 Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
 To make his land and money sure !

5 Ah, foolish choice of treasures here !
 Ah, fatal love of tempting gold !
 Must this base world be bought so dear !
 And life and heav'n so cheaply sold !

6 In vain the charms of nature shine,
 If this vile passion governs me ;
 Transform my soul, O love divine !
 And make me part with all for thee !

HYMN 266. S. M.

Prayer of Youth for Divine cleansing.

WITH humble heart and tongue,
 My God, to thee I pray ;
 Oh, make me learn while I am young,
 How I may cleanse my way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
 The object of thy care ;
 Help me to choose the way of truth,
 And fly from ev'ry snare.

3 My heart to folly prone,
 Renew by pow'r divine ;
 Unite it to thyself alone,
 And make me wholly thine.

4 Oh, let thy word of grace
 My warmest thoughts employ ;
 Be this through all my following days,
 My treasure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart
 Be my whole soul inclin'd ;

Oh, let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

6 May thy young servant learn,
By these to cleanse his way ;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

HYMN 267. C. M.

Old Age approaching; or, Man Frail and Mortal.

ETERNAL GOD ! enthron'd on high !
Whom angel hosts adore ;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,
Thy presence I implore.

2 Oh, guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool ;
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise ev'ry rule.

3 My flying years time urges on ;
What's human must decay ;
My friends, my young companions gone,
Can I expect to stay ?

4 Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart ?
Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart ?

5 Ah ! no—then smooth the mortal hour,
On thee my hope depends ;
Support me with almighty pow'r,
While dust to dust descends.

6 Then shall my soul, O gracious God !
(While angels join the lay,)
Admitted to the bless'd abode,
Its endless anthems pay ;

7 Through heav'n, how'er remote the bound,
Thy matchless love proclaim ;
And join the choir of saints that sound,
Their great Redeemer's name.

HYMN 268. L. M.

The Aged Christian Rejoicing in a View of Heaven.

1 S when the weary trav'ller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, when cross the plains,
He eyes his home, though distant still.

2 While he surveys the much-lov'd spot,
He slighted the space that lies between ;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

3 Thus when the aged Christian views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

4 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past ;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell,
With Jesus in the realms of day ;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.

6 Jesus, on thee my hope depends,
To lead me on to thine abode :
Assur'd that heav'n will make amends,
For all my toil while on the road.

HYMN 269. L. M.

Desiring Heaven.

NO more I ask, or hope to find,
Delight or happiness below :
Sorrow may well possess the mind,
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.

2 The joy that fades is not for me,
I seek immortal joys above :
There, glory without end shall be
The bright reward of faith and love.

3 Cleave to the world, ye sordid worms,
Contented lick your native dust ;
But God shall fight, with all his storms,
Against the idol of your trust.

HYMN 270. Eights and Sevens.

Praise for Redeeming Love.

LET us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name !
He has hush'd the Law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame.

2 Let us love the Lord, who bought us,
Pity'd us when enemies ;
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes.

3 Let us sing, tho' fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down !
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conq'ror's crown.

4 Let us wonder, grace and justice
Join and point to mercy's store ;
When we trust in Christ our fortress,
Justice smiles and asks no more.

5 Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of the saints, enthron'd on high ;
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky.

6 Hark ! the name of Jesus sounded
Loud, from golden harps above !
Lord, we blush, and are confounded,
Faint our praises, cold our love !

HYMN 271. C. M.

Presumption and Despair.

I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flattering breath ;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear ;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.

3 Now he persuades “ how easy ’tis
To walk the road of heav’n ; ”
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
“ They cannot be forgiv’n.”

4 He bids young sinners, “ yet forbear
To think of God or death ;
For pray’r and true devotion are
But melancholy breath.”

5 He tells the aged, “ they must die,
And ’tis too late to pray :
In vain for mercy now they cry,
For they have lost their day.”

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne,
By mischief and deceit ;

And drags the sons of Adam down,
To darkness and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut short his pow'r,
Let him in darkness dwell ;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN 272. S. M.

Complaint of Sin.

O LORD, how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean !

How can I dare to venture nigh
With such a load of sin !

2 Is this polluted heart
A dwelling fit for thee ?

Swarming, alas ! in ev'ry part,
What evils do I see !

3 If I attempt to pray,
And raise my soul on high,

My thoughts are hurry'd fast away,
For sin is ever nigh.

4 If in thy word I look,
Such darkness fills my mind,

I only read a sealed book,
But no relief can find.

5 Thy gospel oft I hear,
But hear it still in vain :

Without desire, or love, or fear,
Harden'd I still remain.

6 And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die ?

Pain would I hope that thou didst bleed
For such a wretch as I.

7 That blood which thou hast spilt,
 That grace which is thine own,
 Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
 And soften hearts of stone.

8 Low at thy feet I bow,
 Oh, pity and forgive !
 Here will I lie and wait, till thou
 Shalt bid me rise and live.

HYMN 273. S. M.

Light Shining in Darkness.

MY former hopes are fled,
 My terror now begins ;
 I feel, alas ! that I am dead
 In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly ?
 I hear the thunder roar ;
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
 I dread impending doom ;
 But sure a friendly whisper says,
 " Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
 A glimm'ring from afar ;
 A beam of day that shines for me,
 To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
 It marks the pilgrim's way ;
 I'll gaze upon it while I run,
 And watch the rising day.

HYMN 274. Tens.

The humble Sinner trusting in Christ.

CHEER up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat,
Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus answers
pray'r;

There humbly cast thyself beneath his feet,
For never needy sinner perish'd there.

2 Lord, I am come ! thy promise is my plea,
Without thy word I dare not venture nigh ;
But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to thee,
A weary, burden'd soul, O Lord, am I !

3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptation sorely prest,
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint, I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place,
I know no force can tear me from thy side ;
Unmov'd I then may all accusers face,
And answer ev'ry charge, with "Jesus dy'd."

5 Yes ! thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan,
and die !

Well hast thou known what fierce temptation
means,

Such was thy love ! and now enthron'd on high,
The same compassion in thy bosom reigns.

6 Lord, give me faith—he hears ! what grace
is this !

Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to grieve ;
He shows me what he did, and who he is,
I must, I will, I can, I do believe.

HYMN 275. L. M.

Divine Grace Implored.

THE God who once to Israel spoke,
From Sinai's top, in fire and smoke,
In gentler strains of gospel grace,
. Invites us now to seek his face.

2 Hark! how from Calvary it sounds ;
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds ;
“ Pardon and grace I freely give,
Poor sinner, look to me and live.”

3 What other arguments can move
The heart that slights a Saviour's love !
Yet till Almighty pow'r constrain,
This matchless love is preach'd in vain.

4 O Saviour, let that pow'r be felt,
And cause each stony heart to melt !
Deeply impress upon our youth
The light and force of gospel truth.

5 How will they else thy presence bear,
When, as a Judge, thou shalt appear ;
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
And the whole earth like Sinai burn !

HYMN 276. Eights and Sixes.

The Lord's Prayer Imitated.

FAATHER Supreme ! all nature's God,
Display thy majesty abroad,
And in full glory shine ;
To thy great name be honors paid,
Throughout all worlds which thou has made ;
Let earth the chorus join.

2 Here place thy throne, and at thy feet
Make all thy stubborn foes submit,
And own thy sov'reign sway :

Thine influence far and wide extend,
Till haughty rebels lowly bend,
And cheerfully obey.

3 Oh, let thy perfect will be done,
Not by those heav'ly hosts alone,
Who're wing'd with love and zeal ;
We too with love and zeal would rise,
To catch the ardor of the skies,
And fly to dothy will.

4 O thou, who art both wise and good,
We trust thee for our daily food,
And what thou seest is best ;
Our foolish wishes, Lord, deny,
But kindly nature's wants supply ;
To thee we leave the rest.

5 Teach us the needy to relieve ;
Our foes to pity and forgive,
And conquer them with love ;
As we to others mercy show,
Thy mercy, Lord, on us bestow,
And all our guilt remove.

6 Let thy good Spirit guard our hearts,
Against the tempter's guileful arts,
And ev'ry dang'rous snare ;
Or if we once should go astray,
Teach us again to find the way,
And walk with better care.

7 Thy name with rev'rence we adore,
For thine's the glory, thine the pow'r,
And thine the right to reign :
In thy dominion we rejoice ;
To thy commands our heart and voice
Unite, and say—Amen.

HYMN 277. L. M.

The Lord his People's Shepherd. Psalm xxiii.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.

2 My noon-day steps he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend ;
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant.

3 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landskips flow.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still.

5 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade,
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray.

6 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN 278. L. M.

On being admitted a Member of a Church.

GREAT source of Being, heav'nly King !
Whose eye my inmost thought surveys,
To thee, with grateful joy, I bring
My tribute of unequal praise.

2 United to thy chosen flock,
Within thy courts my soul would dwell;
And in thy strength sustain the shock,
Of all the pow'rs in earth or hell.

3 Oh, send thy Spirit from on high,
~~And~~ our Church thy blessing prove !
So shall our praises reach the sky,
And every bosom glow with love.

4 Oh, may our Pastor draw from thee,
Daily supplies of heav'nly grace !
And may we in thy temple see,
Thy glorious presence fill the place !

5 Then shall our hearts, our lives, our tongues,
Be consecrated to our God ;
Our morning pray'rs, our ev'ning songs,
Shall spread thy wond'rous love abroad.

HYMN 279. L. M.

The Convert.

FAR from thy fold, O God, my feet
Once mov'd in error's devious maze ;
Nor found religious duties sweet,
Nor sought thy face, nor lov'd thy ways.

2 With tend'rest voice thou bad'st me flee
The paths which thou couldst ne'er approve ;
And gently drew my soul to thee,
With cords of sweet eternal love.

3 Now to thy footstool, Lord, I fly,
And low in self-abasement fall ;
A vile, a helpless worm I lie,
And thou, my God, art all in all.

4 Dearer, far dearer to my heart,
Than all the joys that earth can give ;

From fame, from wealth, from friends I'd part,
Beneath thy countenance to live.

5 And when, in smiling friendship drest,
Death bids me quit this mortal frame,
Gently reclin'd on Jesu's breast,
My latest breath shall bless his name.

6 Then my unfetter'd soul shall rise,
And soar above yon starry spheres,
Join the full chorus of the skies,
And sing thy praise through endless years.

HYMN 280. C. M.

Prayer for Relief under a body of Sin and Death.

1 LORD, what a crowd of anxious cares,
Disturb my restless breast !
The world's reproach, and Satan's snares,
Leave not a moment's rest.

2 The glorious smiles which once I saw,
O'er all thy face, are hid ;
I feel the sentence of thy law,
And all my comforts fled.

3 Hast thou not said, that where thou art,
There thine shall surely be ?
Oh, seal this promise on my heart,
And say, 'twas made for me.

4 Then cares may vex, the world may frown,
They ne'er my peace shall move ;
For what can weigh that spirit down,
That feels a Saviour's love ?

5 Oh, for a taste, by saving faith,
Of his forgiving grace ;
When nature draws its parting breath,
And all its cares shall cease ?

HYMN 281. C. M.

Celestial Prospects.

SWEET glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wond'ring eyes ;
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies !

2 All hail ye fair celestial shores,
Ye lands of endless day ;
Swift on my view your prospect pours,
And drives my griefs away.

3 There's a delightful clearness now,
My clouds of doubt are gone ;
Fled is my former darkness too,
My fears are all withdrawn.

4 Short is the passage—short the space
Between my home and me ;
There ! there behold the radiant place !
How near the mansions be !

5 Immortal wonders ! boundless things !
In those dear worlds appear :
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.

HYMN 282. C. M.

A Covert from the Heat.

WHEN on a summer's sultry day,
The sun darts forth his rays ;
The trav'ler labors on his way,
Beneath the mid-day blaze :

2 When not a cooling breeze is felt,
No friendly roof is nigh,
The languid body seems to melt,
The fainting spirits die :

3 Should some tall rock at such an hour,
 A distant shade prepare,
 Hope would exert his feeble pow'r,
 To fly and rest him there.

4 Thus he who treads the heav'nly path,
 And feels upon him burn
 The kindlings of almighty wrath,
 Must labor, droop, and mourn :

5 Till Christ, the covert from the heat,
 His longing spirit sees,
 And draws him to a cool retreat,
 Affording rest and ease.

6 He, like a rock of refuge, rose,
 And sacred shade extends,
 Refreshment and secure repose,
 For all his weary friends.

HYMN 283. Sevens.

Trust in God. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

SHOULD the rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the rip'ning ear ;
 Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
 Drop her green, untimely fruit :

2 Should the vine put forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store ;
 Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
 And the herds desert the stall :

3 Should God's alter'd hand restrain
 Th' early and the latter rain ;
 Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy :

4 Yet to God my soul should raise
 Grateful vows of solemn praise ;
 And when ev'ry blessing's flown,
 Love him—for himself alone.

HYMN 284. L. M.

The Christian Armor. Eph. vi.13—17.

WITH holy zeal and Christian grace,
 I'll take the armor for the race ;
 Whilst foes and fears beset me round,
 In Christ the Lord my strength is found.

2 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 His word he gives me for a sword ;
 And he commands to wield it well,
 Against the pow'rs of earth and hell.

3 His righteousness a breast-plate yields,
 Whilst faith affords a glorious shield ;
 His free salvation's sov'reign grace,
 Shall on my head the helmet place.

4 Thus arm'd and martial'd for the field,
 Against temptation doubly steel'd,
 The glorious combat I begin,
 Declaring war with flesh and sin.

5 My heav'nly Captain's watchful care,
 Shall keep me from the fowler's snare ;
 His Spirit guide my wand'ring feet,
 Till I his face in glory meet.

HYMN 285. C. M. In two parts.

Christ's Birth, Life, Death, Resurrection, Ascension, and Intercession.

PART I.

Christ's Birth and Life.

A WAKE, my soul, tune ev'ry string,
In God thy Saviour's praise ;
Join with the heav'nly hosts, and sing
The highest notes they raise.

2 Tell how the glorious Son of God
Forsook the realms of bliss ;
Descended to our guilty world,
Proclaiming life and peace.

3 Angelic hosts declare his birth,
“ Glory to God on high,
Good will to men, and peace on earth !
Behold the Saviour nigh !

4 “ To Bethle'm's city quick repair,
Th' ethereal spirits cry,
And see the promis'd Saviour there,
Low in a manger lie.

5 “ With humble faith and holy fear,
Go visit Christ, your king,”
Their heav'nly notes the shepherds hear,
And join the praise they sing.

6 On Jordon's banks th' eternal God
His birth divine declares ;
“ This is my Son ! ” Lo ! on his head
The heav'nly dove appears.

7 Holy his life, his doctrine true ;
(How bright the Godhead shone !)
Diseases heard, and Satan knew,
That what he spake was done.

PART II.

Christ's Death, Resurrection, Ascension and Intercession.

8 BEHOLD the Saviour on the tree,
With arms extended wide !

From death a sinful world to free,
He groan'd and bled and dy'd !

9 The sun its beams no longer lent,
To see its Maker bleed ;

His groans the rocks and mountains rent,
And woke the sleeping dead.

10 But when th' appointed hour was come,
The sleeping Saviour woke :

He rose triumphing from the tomb,
The chains of death he broke.

11 On the eternal God's right hand,
The great Redeemer sits ;

Both heav'n and earth to his command
The Father now commits.

12 Our advocate himself he stiles,
The sinner's cause he pleads ;

Through him the Father looks and smiles,
While thus he intercedes.

13 Whom once he loves he'll ne'er forget,
His counsels guide them still ;

His grace their weary souls will seat
On heav'n's eternal hill.

14 Reviving thought ! then, humble soul,
With courage venture on !

Though earth and hell against thee roll,
In Christ the battle's won.

HYMN 286. C. M.

Prayer under Temptations of Satan.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And Satan's darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at all his rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let all the tempter's malice come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
If I may safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heav'nly rest,
Nor feel a troubling tempter's call
Disturb my peaceful breast.

HYMN 287. L. M.

Prayer under Temptation from the Tumults of the World.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

- 2 O Lord, a Saviour's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the storm ;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves, say, " peace, be still."

- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Are all that save me from despair.

4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name,
 Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb,
 Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
 And leave it to return no more.

5 God of my life, to thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail !

HYMN 288. C. M.

Perplexity Relieved.

A NXIOUS, I strove to find the way,
 Which to salvation led ;
 I listen'd long, I try'd to pray,
 And heard what many said.

2 When some of joys and comforts told,
 I fear'd that I was wrong ;
 For I was stupid, dead, and cold,
 Had neither joys nor song.

3 The Lord my laboring heart reliev'd,
 And made my burden light ;
 Then for a moment I believ'd,
 And thought that all was right.

4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
 Of anguish and dism'ay ;
 Thro' what distresses they had walk'd
 Before they found the way.

5 Ah ! then I thought my hopes were vain,
 For I had liv'd at ease ;
 I wish'd for all my fears again,
 To make me more like these.

6 I had my wish, the Lord disclos'd
 The evils of my heart ;
 And left my naked soul expos'd
 To Satan's fiery dart.

7 Alas ! I cry'd, in deep despair,
Borne down with fearful pain ;
How can I these fierce terrors bear,
And who will now sustain ?

8 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
“ Trust simply on my word,” he said,
“ And leave the rest to me.”

HYMN 289. Sevens.

The Sovereign Call of Christ.

IN his own appointed hour,
To my heart the Saviour spoke ;
Touch'd me by his Spirit's pow'r,
And my dang'rous slumber broke.

2 Then I saw and own'd my guilt,
Soon my gracious Lord reply'd ;
“ Fear not ; I my blood have spilt,
'Twas for such as thee I dy'd.”

3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possess'd my heart ;
Can I hope thy grace to prove,
After acting such a part ?

4 “ Thou hast greatly sinn'd,” he said,
“ But I freely all forgive ;
I myself thy debt have paid,
Now I bid thee rise and live.”

HYMN 290. C. M.

Old things are passed away.

LET carnal minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me ;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its fading charms no longer please,
No more content afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day,
The stars are all conceal'd ;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart ;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee ;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me !

6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will ;
For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,
I had refus'd thee still.

HYMN 291. L. M.

Hatred of Sin.

MOST holy Lord ! I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment slight ;
Yet pierc'd by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.

2 But though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait ;
Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.

3 Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell ;

One sin; unslain within my breast,
Would make that heav'n as dark as hell.

4 But there no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the Christian's head ;
One view of Jesus as he is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

HYMN 292. L. M.

Prayer for Grace. Psalm cvi. 4, 5.

REMEMBER us, we pray thee, Lord,
With those who love thy gracious name :
And to our souls that good afford,
Thy promise has prepar'd for them.

2 To us thy great salvation show,
Give us a taste of love divine ;
That we thy people's joy may know,
And in their holy triumph join.

HYMN 293. Sevens.

Coming to the Throne of Grace.

NOT to Sinai's dreadful blaze,
But to Zion's throne of grace,
By a way mark'd out with blood,
Sinners now approach to God.

2 Not to hear the fiery law,
But with humble joy to draw
Water by that well supply'd,
Jesus open'd when he dy'd.

3 Lord, there are no streams but thine,
Can assuage a thirst like mine ;
'Tis a thirst thyself didst give,
Let me therefore drink and live.

HYMN 294. L. M.

A Hymn for the Beginning of Worship.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word ;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixt with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfy'd with living bread.

3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign power and energy ;
And may we in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal ;
Teach us to know and do thy will ;
Thy saving pow'r and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

HYMN 295. L. M.

At Dismission.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood ;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN 296. Eights, Sevens and Fours.

The same.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
LFill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace ;
 Oh, refresh us !
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound ;
May thy presence
 With us evermore, be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's giv'n,
 Us from earth to call away ;
Borne on angels' wings to heav'n,
 Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay,
May we ready,
Rise and reign in endless day !

HYMN 297. C. M.

Seeking first the Kingdom of God, &c.
 Matt. vi. 33.

NOW let a true ambition rise,
 And ardor fire our breast,
 To reign in worlds above the skies,
 In heav'nly glories drest.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
 A radiant crown display,
 Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
 While stars and sun decay.

3 Away, each grov'ling, anxious care,
 Beneath a Christian's thought ;

I spring to seize immortal joys,
Which my Redeemer bought.

4 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
The glorious prize pursue ;
Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,
While heav'n is kept in view.

HYMN 298. L. M.

Parting with Carnal Joys.

I SEND the joys of earth away,
Away ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whist'ling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair ;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss ;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes ;
Oh, for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Full streams of endless pleasure roll ;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN 299. L. M.

The Vanity of Creatures.

MAN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires ;
Toss'd to and fro, his passions fly,
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find,
Some solid good to fill the mind ;
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3 So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns,
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place but keep the pain.

4 Great God ! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust ;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

HYMN 300. L. M.

The Sovereignty of Grace. Luke x. 21, 32.

THREE was an hour when Christ rejoic'd,
And spoke his joys in words of praise ;
“ Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
Lord of the earth, and heav'ns and seas.

2 “ I thank thy sov'reign pow'r and love,
That crowns my doctrine with success ;
And makes the babes in knowledge learn,
The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.

3 “ But all this glory lies conceal'd,
From men of prudence and of wit :
The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
And their own pride resists the light.

4 Father, 'tis thus, because thy will,
Chose and ordain'd it should be so ;
'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,
And lay the haughty scorner low.

5 "There's none can know the Father right,
But those who learn him from the Son ;
Nor can the Son be well receiv'd,
But where the Father makes him known."

6 Then let our souls adore our God,
That deals his graces as he please ;
Nor gives to mortals an account,
Or of his actions or decrees.

HYMN 301. L. M.

Prayer for Grace.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, and let it be
Freed from these bonds, and join'd to thee.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross !
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinking deep in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Oh, let thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to thy holy hill !
 Where toil and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and all is peace.

HYMN 302. L. M.

The Beatitudes. Matt. v. 2—12.

BLESS'D are the humble souls, that see
 Their emptiness and poverty ;
 Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,
 A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
 From rage and passion, noise and war ;
 God will secure their happy state,
 And plead their cause against the great.

4 Bless'd are the souls that long for grace,
 Hunger and thirst for righteousness ;
 They shall be well supply'd, and fed
 With living streams and living bread.

5 Bless'd are the men, whose bowels move,
 And melt with sympathy and love ;
 From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
 Like sympathy and love again.

6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
 From the defiling pow'r of sin ;
 With endless pleasure they shall see,
 A God of spotless purity.

7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
 Who quench the coals of growing strife ;

They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Bless'd are the suff'fers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesu's sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN 303. L. M. In three parts.

*Characters of Christ borrowed from inanimate
things in Scripture.*

PART I.

1 O worship at Emmanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet !
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford,
But some faint shadows of my Lord ;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread ?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed ;
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.

4 Is he a tree ? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves ;
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.

5 Is he a rose ? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields ;
Or, if the lily he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.

6 Is he a vine ? His heav'nly root
 Supplies the boughs with life and fruit ;
 Oh, let a lasting union join
 My soul to Christ, the living vine.

PART II.

7 IS Christ the head ? Each member lives,
 And owns the vital pow'rs he gives ;
 The saints below, and saints above,
 Join'd by his spirit and his love.

8 Is he a fountain ? There I bathe,
 And heal the plague of sin and death ;
 These waters all my soul renew,
 And cleanse my spotted garments too.

9 Is he a fire ? He'll purge my dross ;
 But the true gold sustains no loss ;
 Like a refiner shall he sit,
 And tread the refuse with his feet.

10 Is he a rock ? How firm he proves !
 The Rock of ages never moves ;
 Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
 Attend us all the desert through.

11 Is he a way ? He leads to God ;
 The path is drawn in lines of blood ;
 There would I walk with hope and zeal,
 Till I arrive at Zion's hill.

12 Is he a door ? I'll enter in ;
 Behold the pastures large and green !
 A paradise divinely fair,
 None but the sheep have freedom there.

PART III.

13 IS Christ design'd a corner-stone,
 For men to build their heav'n upon ?
 I'll make him my foundation too,
 Nor fear the plots of hell below.

14 Is he a temple ? I adore
 Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r ;
 And still to his most holy place,
 Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.

15 Is he a star ? He breaks the night,
 Piercing the shades with dawning light ;
 I know his glories from afar,
 I know the bright, the morning star.

16 Is he a sun ? His beams are grace,
 His course is joy and righteousness :
 Nations rejoice when he appears,
 To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

17 Oh, let me climb these higher skies,
 Where storms and darkness never rise !
 There he displays his pow'r abroad,
 And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
 Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears ;
 His beauties we can never trace,
 Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN 304. L. M.

*The Names and Titles of Christ, from several
 Scriptures.*

1 TIS from the treasures of his word,
 I borrow titles for my Lord ;
 Nor art, nor nature can supply,
 Sufficient forms of majesty.

2 Bright image of the Father's face,
 Shining with undiminish'd rays,
 Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
 The heir and partner of his throne.

3 The King of kings, the Lord most high,
 Writes his own name upon his thigh :

He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb resents his injur'd love ;
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's Lion tears the prey.

5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes !
Light of the world, and life of men ;
Nor bears those characters in vain.

6 With tender pity in his heart,
He acts the Mediator's part !
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the name he wears.

7 At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends ;
And saints, in full fruition, prove
His rich variety of love.

HYMN 305. L. M. In two parts.

The Offices of Christ, from several Scriptures.

JOIN all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Emmanuel's glory forth.

2 But Oh, what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace !
My eyes with joy and wonder see,
What forms of love he bear to me.

3 The " Angel of the cov'nant stands,"
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make the great salvation known.

4 Great Prophet, let me bless thy name ;
 By thee the joyful tidings came.
 Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n !

5 My bright Example and my Guide,
 I would be walking near thy side ;
 Oh, let me never run astray,
 Nor follow the forbidden way !

6 I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
 My wand'ring soul amongst his sheep ;
 He feeds his flocks, he calls their names,
 And in his bosom bears the lambs.

7 My Surety undertakes my cause,
 Answ'ring his Father's broken laws :
 Behold my soul at freedom set,
 My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

PART II.

8 JESUS, my great High Priest, has dy'd,
 I seek no sacrifice beside ;
 His blood did once for all atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.

9 My Advocate appears on high,
 The Father lays his thunder by :
 Not all that earth or hell can say,
 Shall turn my Father's heart away.

10 My Lord, my Conq'ror, and my King,
 Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing ;
 Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
 A joyful subject at thy feet.

11 Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
 The Captain of salvation leads ;
 March on, nor fear to win the day,
 Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

12 Should death and hell, and pow'rs unknown
 Put all their forms of mischief on,
 I shall be safe ; for Christ displays
 Salvation in more sov'reign ways.

HYMN 306. Sixes and Fours.*To the Trinity.*

COME, thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise !

Father, all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days !

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
 Scatter our enemies,
 And make them fall !

Let thine Almighty aid
 Our sure defence be made,
 Our souls on thee be stay'd :
 Lord, hear our call !

3 Come, thou incarnate Word ;
 Gird on thy mighty sword,
 Our pray'rs attend !

Come, and thy people bless,
 And give thy word success :
 Spirit of holiness
 On us descend !

4 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour !

Thou, who Almighty art,
 Now rule in ev'ry heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of pow'r !

5 To the great One in Three
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence evermore ;
 His sov'reign majesty,
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

HYMN 307. C. M.

New-Year's Hymn.

NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known ;
 Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
 And plead a Saviour's name ;
 For all that we can call our own,
 Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin,
 May mercy set us free ;
 And let the year we now begin,
 Begin an end with thee.

4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more :
 And sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never lov'd before.

5 And when before thee we appear,
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise thee in our room,

HYMN 308. L. M.

Another.

O LORD, by thy supporting hand,
We enter on another year ;
And now we meet at thy command,
To seek thy gracious presence here.

2 Have mercy on our num'rous youth,
Who young in years are old in sin ;
And by thy Spirit and thy truth,
Shew them the state their souls are in.

3 Then by a Saviour's dying love,
To ev'ry wounded heart reveal'd,
Temptations, fears, and guilt remove,
And be their sun, and strength, and shield.

4 To mourners, speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine,
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,
And all thy saints in praises join.

5 Oh, hear our pray'r, and give us hope,
That when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up,
To love and praise thee in our room.

HYMN 309. C. M.

Pleading for, and with Youth.

SIN has undone our wretched race,
But Jesus has restor'd
All who believe and trust his grace,
And seek and serve the Lord.

2 This we repeat from year to year,
And press upon our youth ;
Lord, give them an attentive ear,
And save them by thy truth.

3 Come, Lord, and bless the rising race !
 Make this an happy hour,
 According to thy richest grace,
 And thine almighty pow'r.

4 Dear youth, we know your sinful state ;
 (May God your hearts renew !)
 We would awhile ourselves forget,
 To pour out pray'r for you.

5 We see, though you perceive it not,
 Th' approaching, awful doom !
 Oh, tremble at the solemn thought,
 And flee the wrath to come !

6 [Dear Saviour, let this new-born year,
 Spread an alarm abroad ;
 And cry in ev'ry careless ear,
 " Prepare to meet thy God ! "]

HYMN 310. L. M.

Winter, or the Divine Presence withdrawn.

SEE, how rude winter's icy hand,
 Has stript the trees and seal'd the ground !
 But spring will soon his rage withstand,
 And spread new beauties all around.

2 My soul a sharper winter mourns ;
 Barren and fruitless I remain ;
 When will the gentle spring return,
 And bid the graces grow again ?

3 Jesus, my glorious sun, arise !
 'Tis thine the frozen heart to move :
 Oh, hush these storms, and clear my skies,
 And let me feel thy vital love !

4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
 I faint and droop till thou appear ;
 Wilt thou permit thy plant to die ?
 Must it be winter all the year ?

5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour,
With humble pray'r and patient faith ;
Till he reveals his gracious pow'r,
Repose on what his promise saith.

6 He, by whose all-commanding word,
Seasons their changing course maintain,
In ev'ry change a pledge affords,
That none shall seek his face in vain.

HYMN 311. C. M.

Spring, or the Return of the Divine Presence.

A T length the wish'd for spring has come ;
How alter'd is the scene !
The trees and shrubs are drest in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

2 I see my Saviour from on high,
Break through the clouds and shine ;
No creature now more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine.

3 Thy word does all my hopes revive,
It overcomes my foes ;
It makes my languid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose.

4 Dear Lord, a monument I stand,
Of what thy grace can do ;
Uphold me by thy gracious hand,
Each changing season through.

HYMN 312. C. M.

Summer, or all flesh like grass. Isa. xl. 6—8.

T HE grass and flow'rs which clothe the field,
And look so green and gay ;
Touch'd by the scythe, defenceless yield,
And fall and fade away.

2 Fit emblem of our mortal state !
 Thus, in the scripture glass,
 The young, the strong, the wise, the great,
 May see themselves but grass.

3 Ah ! trust not to your fleeting breath,
 Nor call your time your own ;
 Around you see the scythe of death
 Is mowing thousands down.

4 And you, who hitherto are spar'd,
 Must shortly yield your lives ;
 Your wisdom is to be prepar'd,
 Before the stroke arrives.

5 The grass, when dead, revives no more,
 You die to live again ;
 Beware lest death should prove the door
 To everlasting pain.

6 Lord, help us to obey thy call,
 And all our sins remove ;
 That when like grass our bodies fall,
 Our souls may rise above.

HYMN 313. L. M.

Autumn, or the Harvest is the End of the World.
 Matthew xiii. 39.

SEE how brown autumn spreads the field ;
 Mark how the whit'ning hills are turn'd ;
 Behold them to the reapers yield,
 The wheat is sav'd, the tares are burn'd.

2 Thus the great Judge, with glory crown'd,
 Descends to reap the ripen'd earth ;
 Angelic guards attend him down,
 The same who sang his humble birth.

3 In sounds of glory, hear him speak ;
 " Go search around the flaming world,

Haste, call my saints to rise and take
The seats from which their foes were hurl'd.

4 " Go, burn the chaff in endless fire,
In flames unquench'd consume each tare ;
Sinners must feel my holy ire,
And sink in guilt to deep despair.

5 Thus ends the harvest of the earth,
Angels obey the awful voice ;
They save the wheat, they burn the chaff,
All heav'n approves the sov'reign choice.

HYMN 314. L. M.

The Seasons, or the Year Crowned with Divine Goodness. Psal. lxv. 11.

ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ ;
We hail that goodness ever near,
Which richly crowns the circling year.

2 While as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady poll :
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flow'ry spring at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With op'ning light and ev'ning shade.

6 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes ;
Still will we make thy mercies known,
Around thy board, and round our own.

7 And Oh, may our harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 315. C. M.

A Morning Hymn.

TWAS the eternal Word that spake,
And said, " Let there be light ;"
It was, and at his high command,
Sprang from the womb of night.

2 He bids the day-spring know its place,
And guides the rising sun ;
All nature owns her sov'reign Lord,
And what he wills is done.

3 Should he forbid the sun to rise,
And endless darkness reign,
Justice would silence every mouth,
Nor let a thought complain.

4 Thus had the Sun of Righteousness
Never rose and shone,
The frowning heav'ns had flash'd with wrath,
For crimes which we have done.

5 Then had salvation ne'er appear'd,
Nor angels sang of peace ;
The anthem never had begun,
Which now will never cease.

6 But thanks to God, the nat'r'l sun,
Does light and heat convey ;
The Sun of Righteousness will shine,
An everlasting day.

HYMN 316. Sevens.

A Hymn to be repeated when rising.

NOW the shades of night are gone ;
 Now the morning light is come ;
 Lord, may I be thine to-day,
 Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill my soul with heav'nly light,
 Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight ;
 In thy service, Lord, to-day,
 Help me labor, help me pray.

3 Keep my haughty passions bound,
 Save me from my foes around ;
 Going out and coming in,
 Keep me safe from ev'ry sin.

4 When my work of life is past,
 Oh ! receive me then at last !
 Night of sin will be no more,
 When I reach the heav'nly shore.

HYMN 317. C. M.

A Morning Hymn.

WITH thee, great God, the stores of light,
 And stores of darkness lie ;
 Thou form'st the sable veil of night,
 And spread'st it round the sky.

2 And when with welcome slumber press'd,
 We close our weary eyes,
 Thy pow'r unseen secures our rest,
 And makes us joyful rise.

3 Numbers this night, great God, have met
 Their long, eternal doom ;
 And lost the joys of morning light,
 In death's tremendous gloom.

4 Numbers on restless beds still lie,
And still their woes bewail !
While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,
A thousand pleasures feel.

5 To thee, great God, in thankful songs,
Our morning thoughts arise ;
Propitious in thy Son, accept
The willing sacrifice

HYMN 318. L. M.

An Evening Hymn.

BLEST Lord, when darkness veils the skies,
Prevent the slumber of mine eyes,
Till bow'd before the King of kings,
I ask myself the following things.

2 Where have I been, what have I done ?
To what new follies have I run ?
Have I observ'd each rising thought,
And done the things which God hath taught ?

3 Do secret thoughts and actions prove
My love to God, who reigns above ?
Do my affections rise on high,
As days and nights successive fly ?

4 Do I rejoice in that wise plan,
Which governs all th' affairs of man ?
Gives life, and health, and joy, and rest,
Or sends affliction when 'tis best ?

5 And when God's holy law I hear,
Does it alarm my heart with fear ?
Or does it sweetly rule within,
And make me hate and fly from sin ?

6 Lord, help me see and try my heart,
And search me through in every part ;
Cleanse me from sin, and warm my love,
Thus fit me for the world above.

HYMN 319 C. M.

An Evening Hymn.

INDULGENT Father! by whose care
I've pass'd another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.

2 Show me my sins, and how to moan
My guilt before thy face ;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.

3 Speak to my conscience, speak thou peace,
Through his atoning blood :
And grant me, Lord, a full release
From sin's oppressive load.

4 Shew me my wants, and let me crave
Nothing but what is right ;
Help me, by faith, on thee to live,
Then change my faith to sight.

5 Open to me thy gracious ear,
Great God, my wants supply ;
Confirm my hope, relieve my fear,
And bid my murm'rings die.

6 Guide me through life's mysterious path,
Nor let me from thee stray ;
Preserve my fleeting, mortal breath,
Through each revolving day.

7 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love ;
And every hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.

8 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heav'n and glory rise,
T' enjoy thy smiling face.

HYMN 320. S. M.

A Hymn to be repeated on going to rest.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
Oh, may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.

2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest ;
So death will soon remove me hence,
And leave my soul unrest.

3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears ;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run :

5 That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Lord, I may in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 321. L. M.

Asking Christ's presence on the Sabbath.

OH, for a heart to praise and pray,
To spend with Christ this sacred day !
For wings of faith to soar above,
And clasp his feet in arms of love.

2 I'd hold him fast, till he should give,
A word of grace and bid me live ;
I'd plead his blood for guilt and sin,
Till he should cleanse from ev'ry stain.

3 On him, whose glories fill the skies,
I'd gaze and fix my wand'ring eyes ;
Copy his beauties on my heart,
Till love transform in ev'ry part.

4 'Tis he can clothe my naked soul,
And by a word can make me whole ;
Send peace and patience to the mind,
And give a heart to God resign'd.

HYMN 322. As the 148th Psalm.

A Hymn for the Lord's Day Morning.

A WAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band,
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand :
Auspicious morn ! thy blissful rays,
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confin'd :
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And 'midst their shouts, the God ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Heav'n with hosannas rings ;
While earth, in humble strains,
Thy praise responsive sings :
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Thro' endless years, to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conq'ring car,
While justice, truth, and love
Maintain the glorious war :
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread !
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
 And wing' th' unerring dart,
 With salutary pangs,
 To each rebellious heart :
 Then dying souls for life shall sue,
 Num'rous as drops of morning dew.

HYMN 323. C. M.

A Hymn for the Evening of the Lord's Day.

FREQUENT the day of God returns,
 To shed its quick'ning beams ;
 And yet how slow devotion burns !
 How languid are its flames !

2 Accept my faint attempts to love,
 My frailties, Lord, forgive ;
I would be like thy saints above,
 And praise thee while I live.

3 Assist me while I wander here,
 Amidst a world of cares :
Incline my heart to pray with love,
 And then accept my pray'rs.

4 Release my soul from ev'ry chain,
 No more hell's captive led ;
And pardon a repenting child,
 For whom the Saviour bled.

5 Spare me, my God, Oh, spare the soul,
 That gives itself to thee ;
Take all that I possess below,
 And give thy face to see.

6 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give
 To be my guide and friend ;
To light my ways to ceaseless joys,
 To Sabbaths with out end.

HYMN 324. L. M.

The Eternal Sabbath. Heb. iv. 9.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above :
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
Obscures the lustre of thy throne.

4 Around thy throne, grant we may meet,
And give us but the lowest seat ;
We'll shout thy praise, and join the song,
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

HYMN 325. C. M.

*The Covenant with Abraham and all Believers
the same.....A Hymn for Baptism.*

WHEN God the patriarch Abr'am call'd,
And chose him for his own ;
“ Abr'am,” he said, “ behold thy God,
And own thyself my son.

2 “ A gracious cov'nant now I make,
To give thee Canaan's rest ;
From thee shall come a glorious seed,
To make the nations blest.

3 “ This promise is to thee reveal'd
To raise thy hope and love ;
By faith behold my first-born Son,
Descending from above.

4 "Hear my command, nor dare transgress,
But own my right divine ;
'Tis circumcision I ordain,
To mark thy sons as mine.

5 "By this make known and seal thy faith,
Thy children give to God ;
And learn the meaning of the rite,
Which points to purer blood."

6 Lord ! may we come with Abr'am's faith,
To thee our infants give ;
Accept our babes, impart the grace
Which makes young sinners live.

7 Thy cov'nant ever stands the same,
Seal'd by a rite that's new ;
Baptiz'd and mark'd, O Lord, as thine,
Now form their hearts anew.

HYMN 326. C. M.

Little Children presented to Christ in Baptism.

HOW great our glorious Shepherd's love,
Display'd in all its forms !
He feeds his flock, he guards his lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 "Forbid them not," he says, "to come,
And taste a Saviour's love ;
They stand within my kingdom here,
And shall in heav'n above.

3 "In all my promises of good
Made to my church below,
I ne'er forgot, I still include
Their infant offspring too."

4 Let us accept the offer'd grace,
And give our babes to God ;
By faith apply the gospel seal,
Which points to Jesu's blood.

5 Encourag'd by his word, we come,
With humble hope inspir'd ;
That he will take them in his arms,
And give the grace requir'd.

HYMN 327. L. M.

Circumcision and Baptism.

ONCE did the sons of Abr'am pass
Under the bloody seal of grace ;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove,
His Father's cov'nant and his love ;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

3 Their seed are sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God ;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4 Let ev'ry saint, with cheerful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice ;
Young children, in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abr'am praise.

HYMN 328. C. M.

Look on Him whom they Pierced, and Mourn.

INFINITE grief, amazing woe !
Behold my bleeding Lord !
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

2 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain,
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
His sacred body tore.

3 But knotty whips, and ragged throns,
In vain do I accuse :
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were ;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

5 'Twere you, that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head ;
Break, break my heart, Oh, burst mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty grace, my stubborn soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe.

HYMN 329. L. M.

Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ.
Gal. vi. 14.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And mourning weep o'er all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ;
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 330. L. M.

Strength from a view of the Cross.

WHEN I the blest Redeemer see,
All bleeding on th' accursed tree ;
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transform'd to love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce thro' my heart,
In ev'ry groan I bear a part ;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
But see ! he bows his head and dies !

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood ;
Behold his side, and venture near,
The spring of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains ;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains ;
Only the fountain head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 Oh, that I thus could always feel !
Lord, more and more thy love reveal !
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name,

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart and charms my ear ;
Affords a balm for every wound,
Then I with love thy praise resound.

HYMN 331. As 50th Psalm.

God's love to the world in sending Christ for its Redemption. John iii. 16.

SING to the Lord a new melodious song :
Assist the choir, ye tribes of every tongue :
Wide as the world his sov'reign mercy reigns ;
Wide as the world resound the rapt'rous strains.
Ye angels, join the joyful acclamation,
And sing the love, that brings to men salvation.

2 His gracious eye beheld in full survey,
Where Adam's race in mingled ruin lay ;
No human aid the danger could avert ;
No angel's hand could soothe the raging smart :
In his own breast divine compassion rises,
And the grand scheme the host of Heav'n surprises.

3 God's only Son, with heav'nly glories bright,
His Father's fairest image and delight,
Justice and grace the victim have decreed
To wear our flesh, and in that flesh to bleed :
Prostrate in dust, ye sinners, all adore him,
And tremble, while your hearts rejoice before
him.

4 The wond'rous work is done ; the Cov'nant stood,
And Christ atones for human guilt with blood :
Nail'd to the tree, he bows his sacred head ;
A mangled corpse he sojourns with the dead :
Rising, the Gospel sends thro' ev'ry nation ;
Sinners, believe, and gain complete salvation.

5 Father of grace, accept our humble praise ;
 Oh, let it run through everlasting days !
 And thou, blest Saviour, spotless Lamb of God,
 Accept the souls dear-ransom'd with thy blood :
 And to those songs from all our noble voices,
 In which the choir round thy bright throne re-
 joices.

HYMN 332. Eights and Sevens.

The Resurrection of Christ.

SEE the victorious Jesus come,
 Rising triumphant from the tomb,
 Th' Almighty conq'ror quits the pris'n ;
 And angels tell the Lord is ris'n.
 Angels, angels, angels, angels,
 Angels tell the Lord is ris'n.

2 Ye guilty souls that groan and grieve,
 Hear the glad tidings, hear and live ;
 God's righteous law is satisfy'd,
 And justice now is on your side.
 Justice, justice, justice, justice,
 Justice now is on your side.

3 Your Surety, thus releas'd by God,
 Pleads the rich ransom of his blood,
 No new demand, no bar remains ;
 But mercy now triumphant reigns.
 Mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy,
 Mercy now triumphant reigns.

4 Believers, hail your rising Head,
 See Jesus coming from the dead ;
 Your resurrection's sure, through his,
 To endless life, and boundless bliss.
 Endless, endless, endless, endless,
 Endless life, and boundless bliss.

HYMN 333. L. M.

The Institution of the Lord's Supper.

Matt. xxvi. 26—29.

TWAS on that night when doom'd to know,

The eager rage of ev'ry foe ;

That night in which he was betray'd,

The Saviour of the world took bread :

2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n,
To him, that rules in earth and heav'n,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his foll'wers spoke :

3 " My broken body thus I give,
For you, for all, take, eat, and live,
And oft the sacred rite renew,
That brings my wond'rous love to view."

4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and prais'd ;
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd.

5 " My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul, in sin that lies ;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.

6 " With love of man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught,
Through latest ages let it pour,
In mem'ry to my dying hour."

HYMN 334. L. M.

Christ's Dying, Rising, and Reigning.

HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !

Lo, Salem's daughters weep around !

A solemn darkness veils the skies !

A sudden trembling shakes the ground !

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
 For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood !

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men !
 But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
 Jesus the dead revives again !

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb !
 Up to his Father's court he flies ;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies !

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great deliv'rer reigns !
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led devouring death in chains !

6 Say, " live for ever, wond'rous King,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
 Then sing, " O death, where is thy sting ?
 And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ? "

HYMN 335. C. M.

An Invitation to the Gospel Feast.
 Luke xiv. 22.

VE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast !
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
 For ev'ry humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
 He calls, he bids you come ;
 Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
 But see, there yet is room.

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;
 There love and pity meet ;

Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him, the Father reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come ;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

5 Oh, come, and with his children, taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN 336. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise !
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood avail'd for me.

5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiv'n ;
Anticipate our heav'n below,
And own that love is heav'n.

HYMN 337. S. M.

The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood.
1 John v. 6.

1 LET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son
To bring us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name ;
Jesus, th' Ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came !

3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God ;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

4 My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd down a double flood ;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our Priest, atothes ;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.

6 Look up, my soul, to him,
Whose death was thy desert,

And humbly view the living stream,
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies ;
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood ;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

9 While the eternal Three
Their record bear above,
Here I believe He dy'd for me,
And seal'd my Saviour's love.

10 Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart ;
Great Comforter ! abide within,
And witness to my heart.

HYMN 338. L. M.

*Christ the first and the last, humbled to Death,
and exalted to an eternal triumph over it.*
Revelation i. 17, 18.

WHAT myst'ries, Lord, in thee combine !
Jesus, once mortal, yet divine ;
The first, the last, the end, the head,
The source of life among the dead !

2 O love beyond the stretch of thought !
What matchless wonders hath it wrought !
Faith trembles when she sees the load
Borne by the suff'ring Son of God.

3 Hail, royal Conq'ror o'er the grave,
Tender to pity, strong to save !

For ever live, for ever reign,
And prosp'rous may thy throne remain.

4 Thy saints, obedient to thy word,
With humble joy, surround thy board ;
And, long as time pursues its race,
Proclaim thy death, and shout thy grace.

5 In the full choir, where angels join
Their harps of melody divine ;
Thy death inspires a song of praise,
New thro' thy life's eternal days.

HYMN 339. S. M.

Christ's Intercession.

OUR great Redeemer's gone
To plead before our God ;
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne,
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down ;
If justice calls for sinner's blood,
The Saviour shows his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves ;
The Father lays his thunder by
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honor sing ;
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high ;
“Hosanna to the God of grace,
That lays his thunder by.”

6 On earth thy mercy reigns,
 And triumphs all above ;”
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
To speak immortal love.

HYMN 340. C. M.

Godly Sorrow arising from the Sufferings of Christ.

A LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed !
And did my sov'reign die ?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?

2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
 And bath'd in its own blood,
 While all expos'd to wrath divine,
 The glorious Suff'rer stood.

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groan'd upon the tree ?
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree !

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God, the mighty Maker, dy'd
 For man, the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears ;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of tears can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe ;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 341. L. M.

*The Goodness of God acknowledged, in giving
Pastors after his own Heart. Jer. iii. 15.*

At the Settlement of a Minister.

SHEPHERD of Isr'el, thou dost keep,
With constant care thy humble sheep ;
By thee inferior pastors rise,
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

2 To all thy churches, such impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart ;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear,
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pastures tread.

4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house ;
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more,
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock ;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

HYMN 342. C. M.

*Watching for Souls in the view of the great Ac-
count. Heb. xiii. 17.*

For the Ordination of a Minister.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give ;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
 The pastor's care demands ;
 But what might fill an angel's heart,
 And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
 Did heav'nly bliss forego ;
 For souls, which must for ever live,
 In raptures or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
 Th' account to render there ;
 And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
 Lord, how should we appear ?

5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
 Their own Redeemer see ;
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
 That they may watch for thee.

HYMN 343. L. M.

On opening a new place for Worship.
 Psalm lxxxvii. 5.

A ND will the great eternal God,
 On earth establish his abode ?
 And will he from his radiant throne,
 Avow our temples for his own ?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
 And sing that condescending grace,
 Which to our notes will lend an ear,
 And call us sinful mortals near.

3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
 Which guards our synagogues in peace,
 That no tumultuous foes invade,
 To fill our worshippers with dread.

4 These walls we to thy honor raise ;
 Long may they echo with thy praise ;
 And Thou, descending, fill the place,
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.

5 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
 With all the graces of his train ;
 While pow'r divine his word attends,
 To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

6 And in the great decisive day,
 When God the nations shall survey,
 May it before the world appear,
 That crowds were born to glory here.

HYMN 344. L. M.

A Thanksgiving Hymn.

ALMIGHTY Sov'reign of the skies,
 To thee let songs of gladness rise ;
 Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
 And ev'ry voice thy goodness sing.

2 'Twas thou that built the spacious earth,
 Thou gav'st to every creature birth ;
 E'en man was fashion'd by thy hand,
 And angels glow'd at thy command.

3 From thee our choicest blessings flow,
 Life, health, and strength thy hands bestow ;
 The daily good thy creatures share,
 Springs from thy providential care.

4 The rich profusion nature yields,
 The harvest waving o'er the fields,
 The cheering light, refreshing show'r,
 Are gifts from thy exhaustless store.

5 At thy command the vernal bloom
 Revives the world from winter's gloom,

The summer's heat, the fruit matures,
And autumn all her treasures pours.

6 From thee proceed domestic ties,
Connubial bliss, paternal joys ;
On thy support the nations stand,
Obedient to thy high command.

7 But how shall frail, imperfect man,
Whose being reaches but a span,
Attempt in earth-born strains to prove,
The wonders of redeeming love !

8 Let ev'ry pow'r of heart and tongue,
Unite to swell the grateful song ;
While age and youth in chorus join,
And praise the majesty divine.

HYMN 345. L. M.

Thanksgiving for National Deliverance, and Improvement of it. Luke i. 74, 75.

PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear,
Propitious to his people's pray'r ;
And tho' deliv'rance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.

2 Oh, may our tongues thy praise proclaim,
And speak the glories of thy name ;
Lord, help us all thy love to sing,
And thankful tribute to thee bring.

3 Our temples guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name ;
And every peaceful, private home,
To thee a temple shall become.

4 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy honor'd sight ;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
To life's last hour to persevere.

HYMN 346. C. M.

For a Public Fast.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
 Thy mourning people bend !
 'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,
 Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
 Thy dreadful pow'r display ;
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.

3 What num'rous crimes increasing rise,
 Through this apostate land !
 What land so favor'd of the skies,
 Yet thoughtless of thy hand ?

4 How chang'd, alas ! are truths divine,
 For error, guilt, and shame !
 What impious numbers, bold in sin,
 Disgrace the Christian name !

5 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
 Their pleasures they require ;
 And sink with gay indiff'rence down
 To everlasting fire.

6 Oh, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
 By thy resistless grace :
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.

7 [Then should insulting foes invade,
 We shall not sink in fear ;
 Secure of never-failing aid,
 If God, our God is near.]

HYMN 347. L. M.

Of Lamenting National Sins. Ezek. ix. 4—6.

For a Fast Day.

O RIGHTEOUS GOD, thou Judge supreme,
We tremble at thy dreadful name,
And all our trying guilt we own,
In dust and tears before thy throne.

2 So manifold our crimes have been,
Such crimson tincture dyes our sin,
That, could we all its horrors know,
Our streaming eyes with blood might flow.

3 Estrang'd from reverential awe,
We trample on thy sacred law ;
And, tho' such wonders grace hath done,
Anew we crucify thy Son.

4 Justly might this polluted land,
Prove all the vengeance of thy hand ;
And bath'd in heav'n, thy sword might come
To drink our blood, and seal our doom.

5 Yet hast thou not a remnant here,
Whose souls are fill'd with pious fear ?
Oh, bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
While prostrate at thy feet they lie.

6 Behold their tears, attend their moan,
Nor turn away their secret groan :
With these we join our humble pray'r ;
Our nation shield, our country spare.

7 [But if the sentence be decreed,
And our dear native land must bleed,
By thy sure mark may we be known,
And save in life or death thine own.

HYMN 348. C. M.

Sick-bed Reflections.

MY soul would fain indulge a hope
 To reach the heav'ly shore ;
 And when I drop this dying flesh,
 That I shall sin no more :

2 That then I shall behold the Lamb,
 Who once for sin was slain,
 But rose triumphing o'er the grave,
 And on his throne doth reign.

3 I hope to hear, and join the song,
 That saints and angels raise ;
 And while eternal ages roll,
 To sing eternal praise.

4 But, Oh, this dreadful heart of sin !
 It may deceive me still ;
 And while I look for joys above,
 May plunge me down to hell.

5 The scene must then for ever close,
 Probation at an end ;
 No gospel grace can reach me there,
 No pardon there descend.

6 Come then, O blessed Jesus, come,
 To me thy Spirit give ;
 Shine through a dark, benighted soul,
 And bid a sinner live.

HYMN 349. C. M.

For a time of general Sickness.

DEATH with his dread commission seal'd,
 Now hastens to his arms ;
 In awful state he takes the field,
 And sounds his dire alarms.

2 Attendant plagues around him stand,
And wait his dread command ;
And pains and dying groans obey
The signal of his hand.

3 With cruel force, he scatters round
His shafts of deadly pow'r ;
While the grave waits its destin'd prey,
Impatient to devour.

4 Look up, ye heirs of endless joy,
Nor let your fears prevail ;
Eternal life is your reward,
When life on earth shall fail.

5 What though his darts, promiscuous hurl'd,
Deal fatal plagues around ;
And heaps of putrid carcases
O'erload the cumber'd ground :

6 The arrows, that shall wound your flesh,
Were giv'n him from above,
Dipt in the great Redeemer's blood,
And feather'd all with love.

7 These, with a gentle hand he throws,
And saints lie gasping too :
But heav'nly strength supports their souls,
And bears them conq'rors through.

HYMN 350. C. M.

Complaint and Hope under great Pain.

LORD, I am pain'd, but I resign
My body to thy will ;
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

2 Dark are the ways of Providence,
While they who love thee groan ;

Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.

- 3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break
Beneath thine heavy rod.
- 4 These mournful groans and flowing tears,
Give my poor spirit ease ;
While ev'ry groan my Father hears,
And ev'ry tear he sees.
- 5 [How shall I glorify my God,
In bonds of grief confin'd ?
Damp'd is my vigor, while this cloâ
Hangs heavy on my mind.]
- 6 Is not some smiling hour at hand,
With peace upon its wings ?
Give it, O God, thy swift command,
With all the joys it brings.

HYMN 351. C. M.

Praise for Recovery from Sickness.
Psalm cxviii. 18, 19.

SOVR'EIGN of life, I own thy hand
In ev'ry chast'ning stroke ;
And while I smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence I invoke.

- 2 To thee in my distress I cry'd,
And thou hast bow'd thine ear ;
Thy pow'rful word my life prolong'd,
And brought salvation near.

- 3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That, with the pious throng,
I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.

4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
Renews our lab'ring breath ;
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death.

5 My God, in thine appointed hour,
Those heav'nly gates display,
Where pain and sin, and fear and death,
For ever flee away.

6 There, while the nations of the bless'd,
With raptures bow around,
My anthems to deliv'ring grace,
In sweeter strains shall sound.

HYMN 352. C. M.

Longing after unseen Pleasure.

2 Cor. iv. 18.

1 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades !

2 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim :
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring,
Immortal in the skies.

HYMN 353. L. M.

The Shortness of Time, and Frailty of Man.

Psalm xxxix.

A LMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days !
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point of life appears ;
How frail at best is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears !

3 Vain his ambition, noise and show !
Vain are the cares which rack his mind !
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 Oh, be a nobler portion mine ;
My God, I bow before thy throne ;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on thee alone.

HYMN 354. C. M.

Death and Judgment appointed to all.

Heb. ix. 27.

HEAV'N has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die ;
One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must quickly dwell ;
Hark ! how the awful summons sounds
In ev'ry fun'ral knell !

3 Once you must die, and once for all ;
The solemn purport weigh ;
For know, that heav'n or hell depends
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake the Judge to see,
And ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 Oh, may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend ;
And far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

HYMN 355. L. M.

The Tolling Bell.

1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, " Am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die ? "

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death ;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3 Then, leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go ;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

4 LORD JESUS ! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee ;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sins, and let me live.

5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear ;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

6 Rather my spirit would rejoice,
And long and wish to hear thy voice :
Glad when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heav'n, if thou art mine.

HYMN 356. C. M.

The Death of a Believer.

IN vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death ;
The glories that surround a saint,
When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,
We scarce can say, " he's gone ! "
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace the spirit's flight ;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides the world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
Saints are completely blest ;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view ;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

HYMN 357. L. M.

The Death of Saints.

OUR life how short ! a groan, a sigh !
We live, and then begin to die ;
Death steals upon us while we're green,
Behind us digs a grave unseen.

2 But Oh ! how great a mercy this,
That death's a portal into bliss ;
While yet the body's scarce unrest,
The soul ascends to heav'nly rest.

3 My soul ! death swallows up thy fears,
My grave-clothes wipe away all tears ;
Why should we fear this parting pain,
Who die, that we may live again ?

4 Oh ! how the resurrection light
Will clarify believers' sight ;
How joyful will the saints arise,
And rub the dust from off their eyes !

5 My soul ! my body I will trust,
With him who numbers ev'ry dust ;
My Saviour faithfully will keep
His own—their death is but a sleep.

HYMN 358. L. M.

The Happiness of departing, and being with Christ.
Phil. i. 23.

WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with the clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Come, ye angelic guardians; come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home ;
Ye know the way to Jesu's throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.

3 The blissful interview, how sweet !
To fall transported at his feet ;
Rais'd in his arms to view his face,
Thro' the whole beamings of his grace.

4 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait thy signal for my flight ;
For, while thy service I pursue,
I find my heav'n begun below.

HYMN 359. C. M.

Victory over Death through Christ.

1 Cor. xv. 57.

WHEN death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 But see my glorious Leader nigh !
My Lord, my Saviour lives :
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

3 He left his dazzling throne above,
He met the tyrant's dart,
And (O amazing pow'r of love !)
Receiv'd it in his heart.

4 No more, O grim destroyer, boast
Thy universal sway ;
To heav'n-born souls thy sting is lost,
Thy night is turn'd to day.

5 Lord, I commit my soul to thee,
Accept the sacred trust ;
Receive this noble part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust :

6 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

HYMN 360. C. M.

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

WHY do we mourn departing friends ?
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upwards too,
As fast as time can move ?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed :
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head ?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way ;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN 361. L. M.

The Death of the Sinner and the Saint.

WHAT scenes of horror and of dread,
Await the sinner's dying bed !
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.

2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise ;
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast ;
Where'er he turns he finds no rest ;
Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries,
And, in despair and horror, dies.

4 Not so the heir of heav'nly bliss ;
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace ;
A steady faith subdues his fear ;
He sees the happy Canaan near.

5 His mind is tranquil and serene ;
No terrors in his looks are seen ;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.

6 Lord, make my faith and love sincere ;
My judgment sound, my conscience clear ;
And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

HYMN 362. S. M.

Preparation for Death. Matt. xxiv. 44.

PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face ;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood ;
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sov'reign love make known ;

The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.
4 Let me attest thy pow'r,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

HYMN 363. Eights.

A view of Death delightful to a Believer.

AH ! lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair ?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare.
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.
2 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind ;
How easy the soul, that has left
This wearisome body behind !
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.
3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain ;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again ;
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall reddens his innocent clay ;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

4 This languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
 This quiet, immoveable breast
 Is heav'd by affliction no more ;
 This heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain ;
 It ceases to flutter and beat ;
 It never shall flutter again.

5 The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep ;
 The fountains can yield no supplies,
 These hollows from water are free ;
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe,
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death.
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 Oh, might I this moment become !
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb !

HYMN 364. L. M.

A Funeral Hymn at the Interment of the Body.

[N. B. If this or the preceding hymn is sung at the funeral of a female, the words *she* and *her* may be substituted in place of *he* and *his*.]

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 Take this new treasure to thy trust ;
 And give these sacred relics room,
 To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 And angels watch *his* soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
 Pass'd through the grave, and blest the bed:
 Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn,
 Attend, O earth! his sov'reign word;
 Restore thy trust, a glorious form;
He must ascend to meet *his* Lord.

HYMN 365. C. M.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

LO! I behold the scatt'ring shades,
 The dawn of heav'n appears;
 The sweet, immortal morning, spreads
 Its blushes round the spheres.

2 I see the Lord of glory come,
 And flaming guards around;
 The skies divide to make him room,
 The trumpet shakes the ground.

3 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
 And lo, the graves obey;
 The waking saints with joyful eyes,
 Salute th'expected day.

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing,
 Rise on the midway air;
 In shining garments meet their King,
 And low adore him there.

5 Oh, may our humble spirit stand
 Among them, cloth'd in white!

The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing !

HYMN 366. L. M.

Sin and Misery connected.

WHAT wretched fools are they, who hear,
With scorn, the sound of gospel grace ;
For sorrow walks along with sin,
Although they keep not equal pace.

2 How blindly sinners grasp their chain,
And yet of freedom vainly boast ;
They look for happiness and peace,
Nor think by sin their peace is lost.

3 Approaching vice is deck'd in charms,
And smiles with promises of gain ;
No sooner past its joys are fled,
And all its pleasures chang'd to pain.

4 Sinners may for a time rejoice,
Till storms of threaten'd wrath arise,
Till justice grasp th' avenging sword,
And then the wretch, the sinner dies.

HYMN 367 L. M.

*The Day of Judgment will shew the Connection
between Sin and Misery.*

GOD from his throne, with piercing eye,
Naked does ev'ry heart behold ;
But never, till we come to die,
Will he to us the view unfold.

2 Should sin, in naked form, appear,
 Just as it rises in the heart,
 And others know and see it there,
 In ev'ry feeling, ev'ry thought :

3 The fire of hell must kindle soon,
 How envy and revenge would flame !
 One heart would urge another on,
 Till rage and vengeance want a name !

4 Sin in its nature would appear
 A living death, to form a hell ;
 The worst of mis'ries creature fear,
 The worst of plagues the tongue can tell.

5 Unveil'd and naked ev'ry heart
 Before the judgment-seat must stand ;
 Sin act no more a double part,
 But meet a death from its own hand.

6 The fiery lake must hotter grow,
 From the fierce clash of sinful souls ;
 Each bosom, like a furnace, glow,
 Nor God the rage, or fire control.

HYMN 368. Sevens.

Sinner, prepare to meet God.

SINNER, art thou still secure ?
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?
 Can thy heart or hand endure
 In the Lord's avenging day ?

2 See, his mighty arm is bar'd !
 Awful terrors cloth his brow !
 For his judgments stand prepar'd,
 Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes ;
 Earth affrighted, hastes to flee ;

Solid mountains melt like wax ;
What will then become of thee ?

4 Who his advent may abide ?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrap'd in flame ?

5 Then the rich, the great, the wise,
Trembling, guilty, self-condemn'd,
Must behold the wrathful eyes
Of the Judge they once blasphem'd.

6 Where are now their haughty looks ?
Oh, their horror and despair !
When they see the open'd books,
And their dreadful sentence hear !

7 Lord, prepare us by thy grace !
Soon we must resign our breath ;
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

8 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice ;
Seek the things that are above ;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

HYMN 369. L. M.

Sinners and Saints, in the Wreck of Nature.
Isaiah xxiv. 18—20.

HOW great, how terrible that God,
Who shakes creation with his nod !
He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame,
Sink in one universal flame.

2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek,
For shelter in the general wreck ?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown ?
See rocks like snow dissolving down.

3 In vain for mercy now they cry ;
 In lakes of liquid fire they lie ;
 There on the flaming billows tost,
 For ever—Oh ! for ever lost !

4 But saints undaunted and serene,
 With calmness view the dreadful scene ;
 Their Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
 And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

5 Jesus, the helpless creature's friend,
 To thee my all I dare commend ;
 Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
 When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

HYMN 370. L. M.

The Day of the Lord.

HARK ! from the sky, the trump proclaims,
 Jesus the Judge approaching nigh !
 See the creation wrapt in flames,
 First kindled by his vengeful eye !

2 When thus the mountains melt like wax ;
 When earth, and air, and sea shall burn ;
 When all the frame of nature shakes ;
 Poor sinner, whither wilt thou turn ?

3 The puny works, which feeble men
 Now boast or covet, or admire ;
 Their pomp, and arts, and treasures, then
 Shall perish in one common fire.

4 Lord, fix our hearts and hopes above !
 Since all below to ruin tends ;
 Here may we trust, obey and love,
 And there be found among thy friends.

HYMN 371. C. M.

Thunder, or the Day of Judgment.

WHEN once a black o'erspreading cloud
Has darken'd all the air;
And peals of thunder, roaring loud,
Proclaim the tempest near;

2 Then guilt and fear, the fruits of sin,
The sinner oft pursue;

A louder storm is heard within,
And conscience thunders too.

3 But whither, sinners, will ye flee,
When nature's mighty frame,
The pond'rous earth, and air, and sea,
Shall all dissolve in flame?

4 Amazing day! it comes apace!
The Judge is hast'ning down!
Can ye then bear to see his face,
Or stand before 'his frown?

5 Lord, let thy mercy find a way
To touch each stubborn heart;
That they may never hear thee say,
"Ye cursed ones, depart."

HYMN 372. L. M.

The Books opened. Rev. xx. 12.

MEETHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends ev'ry tomb,
And wakes the pris'ners under ground.

2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.

3 Behold the awful books diplay'd,
 Big with th' important fates of men ;
 Each deed and word now public made,
 As wrote by heav'n's unerring pen.

4 To ev'ry soul, the books assign
 The joyous or the dread reward ;
 Sinners in vain lament and pine,
 No plea the Judge will here regard.

5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
 May life's fair book my soul approve !
 There may I read my name enroll'd,
 And triumph in redceming love !

HYMN 373. S. M.

The final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked.

Matt. xxv. 41.

A ND will the Judge descend ?
 A nd must the dead arise ?
 A nd not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes ?

2 And from his righteous lips
 Shall this dread sentence sound ;
 A nd through the num'rous, guilty throng,
 Spread black despair around ;

3 " Depart from me, accurs'd,
 To everlasting flame,
 F or rebel angels, first prepar'd,
 Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day !
 W hen earth and heav'n, before his face,
 Astonish'd shrink away !

5 But ere the trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead ;

Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread !

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled ;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

HYMN 374. C. M.

The final Sentence, and Happiness of the Righteous. Matt. xxv. 34.

A TTEND, my ear, my heart rejoice,
While Jesus from his throne,
Before the bright angelic hosts,
Makes his last sentence known.

2 When sinners, cursed from his face,
To raging flames are driv'n ;
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his saints to heav'n :

3 " Bless'd of my Father, all draw near,
Receive the great reward ;
And rise, with raptures, to possess
The kingdom love prepar'd.

4 " Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
His sov'reign purpose wrought,
And rear'd those palaces divine,
To which you now are brought.

5 " There shall you reign unnumber'd years,
Protected by my pow'r ;
While sin and death, and pains, and cares,
Shall vex your souls no more.

6 Come, dear majestic Saviour, come,
 This Jubilee proclaim ;
 And teach us language fit to praise
 So great, so dear a name.

HYMN 375. Eights and Sevens.

Day of Judgment.

Lo ! he cometh ! countless trumpets
 Blow, to raise the sleeping dead ;
 'Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
 See their great exalted Head ;

Hallelujah,
 Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty :
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing
 Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away ;
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
 Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! come away !

4 At his call, the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;
 All the pow'rs of nature shaken
 By his looks prepare to flee ;
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee ?

5 Horrors past imagination,
 Will surprise thy trembling heart ;
 When thou hear'st thy condemnation,

"Hence, accursed wretch, depart
 Thou with Satan,
 And his angels, have thy part!"

6 But to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below ;
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow !
 You for ever
 Shall my love and glory know."

HYMN 376. L. M.

The Song of Heaven desired by Saints on Earth.

THE dawn of morning veils her face,
 When the bright sun ascends the space ;
 So glad will grace resign her room
 To glory in the heav'nly home.

2 Happy the company that's gone,
 From cross to crown, from thrall to throne ;
 How loud they sing upon the shore,
 To which they sail'd in heart before !

3 Bless'd are the dead, yea, saith the word,
 That die in Christ the living Lord,
 And on the other side of death
 Thus joyful spend their praising breath.

4 "Death from all death has set us free,
 And will our gain for ever be ;
 Death loos'd the massy chains of woe,
 To let the mournful captive go.

5 "Death is to us a sweet repose,
 The bud was op'd to shew the rose ;
 The cage was broke let us fly,
 And build our happy nests on high.

6 "Lo, here we do triumphant reign,
 And joyful sing in lofty strain ;

1.0, here we rest, and love to be,
Enjoying more than faith could see.

7 "The thousandth part we now behold,
By mortal tongues was never told ;
We got a taste, but now above,
We forage in the fields of love.

8 "Faith once beheld a distant joy,
Now love drinks deep without alloy ;
Beyond the fears of more mishap,
We gladly rest in glory's lap.

9 "Earth was to us a seat of war,
In thrones of triumph now we are ;
We long'd to see our Jesus dear,
And sought him there, but find him here.

10 "We walk in white without annoy,
In glorious galleries of joy :
And crown'd through everlasting days,
We rival cherubs in their praise.

11 "No longer we complain of wants,
We see the glorious King of saints,
Amidst his joyful hosts around,
With all his heav'nly glory crown'd.

12 "We see him at his table head,
With living water, living bread,
His cheerful guests incessant load,
With all the plenitude of God.

13 "We see the holy flaming fires,
Cherubic and seraphic choirs ;
And gladly join with those on high,
To warble praise eternally.

14 "Glory to God, that here we came,
And glory to the glorious Lamb ;
Our light, our life, our joy, our all,
We now embrace, secure from fall.

15 "Our Lord is ours, and we are his ;
 Yea, now we see him as he is ;
 And hence we like unto him are,
 And full his glorious image share.

16 "No darkness now, no dismal night,
 No vapour intercepts the light ;
 We see for ever face to face,
 The highest Prince in highest place.

17 "This does heav'n enough afford,
 We are for ever with the Lord :
 We want no more, for all is giv'n ;
 His presence is the bliss of heav'n."

18 While thus I laid my list'ning ear
 Close to the door of heav'n to hear ;
 And then the sacred page did view,
 Which told me all I heard was true :

19 Yet shew'd me that the heav'nly song
 Surpasses ev'ry mortal tongue,
 With such unutterable strains
 As none in fett'ring flesh attains :

20 Then said I, "Oh, to mount away,
 And leave this clog of heavy clay !
 Let wings of time more hasty fly,
 That I may join the songs on high."

HYMN 377. C. M.

Desiring to join in the Song of Angels.

EARTH has engross'd my love too long,
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes
 Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.

2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits ;
 The God, how bright he shines !
 And scatters infinite delights,
 On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around ;
And move, and charm the starry plains,
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs ;
Jesus, my love, they sing ;
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

5 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too ;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise :
Oh, for some heav'nly notes to bear
My passions to the skies !

7 There, ye that love my Saviour, sit ;
There I would have a place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

HYMN 378. Sevens.

Thanksgiving Hymn. (Tune Ascension.)

SWELL the anthem, raise the song ;
Praises to our God belong ;
Saints and angels join to sing,
Praise to heav'n's Almighty King.

2 Blessings from his lib'ral hand,
Pour around this happy land ;
Let our hearts beneath his sway,
Hail the bright, triumphant day.

3 Lo ! the trembling nations stand,
Smote by thy avenging hand :
O'er their wide extended plains,
Awful desolation reigns.

4 Yet to thee our joys ascend,
Thou hast been our heav'ly friend :
Guarded by thy mighty pow'r,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.

5 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
Subjects cheerfully obey ;
Here, we feel no tyrant's rod,
Here, we own and worship God.

6 Hark ! the voice of nature sings,
Praises to the King of kings ;
Let us join the choral song,
And the heav'ly notes prolong.

APPENDIX,

Containing a number of Hymns not in the first Edition ; principally particular metres, inserted to accommodate sundry tunes in various Collections of Music, now in use.

HYMN 379. L. M.

*There the Wicked cease from Troubling, &c.
Job iii. 17.*

DEATH and the grave are doleful themes
For sinful, mortal worms to sing,

Unless a Saviour's sweeter beams

Dispel the gloom, and touch the string.

2 Death, awful sound ! the fruit of sin,

Curse and dishonor of our race ;

If Jesus fail to smile within,

No one can look him in the face.

3 Yet, dearest Lord, when view'd in thee,

Hell and the grave lose all their dread ;

There all his frightful horrors flee,

And joy surrounds a dying bed.

4 Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives,

And he has conquer'd death and hell ;

This truth substantial comfort gives,

And dying saints can sing, " 'tis well."

5 This makes the grave a favor'd spot,

To saints its deepest gloom is bless'd ;

For there the wicked trouble not,

And there the weary are at rest.

6 At rest in Jesu's faithful arms ;

At rest as in a peaceful bed ;

Secure from all the dreadful storms,

Which round this sinful world are spread.

7 Thrice happy souls who're gone before,
To that inheritance divine ;
They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.

8 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
Or in a gentle measure flow ;
We hail them happy in the sky,
And joyful wait our call to go.

HYMN 380. C. M.

*For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again,
even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God
bring with him. 1 Thess. iv. 14.*

NO, never let us mourn for those,
Who sleep in Jesu's arms ;
There they are freed from sin and woes,
And all life's fears and storms.

2 They've reach'd their bright and bless'd abode,
And sing for ever there :
And, in the presence of their God,
Triumphant they appear.

3 What tho' their bodies, now entomb'd,
Are mould'ring into dust,
Adying Jesus has perfum'd
The graves of all the just.

4 Ere long the tomb shall yield its prey,
When each believer there
With Jesus, on that joyful day,
All glorious shall appear.

5 Then with his saints, Oh, may we stand
Before his face with joy ;
And, when in heav'n, at his right hand,
His praise be our employ.

HYMN 381. Sixes, Eights and Fours.

The Covenant of God.

THE God of Abra'm praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love !

Jehovah, great I AM !
By earth and heav'n confess,
I bow and praise the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abra'm praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand.

I'd all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r ;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tow'r.

3 The God of Abra'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways :

He calls a worm his friend !
He calls himself my God !
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn ;
I on his oath depend ;
I shall on eagle's wings up-borne,
To heav'n ascend :
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore ;
And sing the wonders of his grace
For ever more !

HYMN 382. C.M.

The Incarnation. John i. 14.

A WAKE, awake the sacred song
A To our incarnate Lord ;
 Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
 Adore th' eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sov'reign pow'r,
 By whom the worlds were made ;
 (Oh, happy morn ! illustrious hour !)
 Was once in flesh array'd !

2 Then shone almighty pow'r and love,
 In all their glorious forms ;
 When Jesus left his throne above
 To dwell with sinful worms.

4 To dwell with misery below,
 The Saviour left the skies ;
 And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
 That worthless man might rise.

5 Adoring angels tun'd their songs,
 To hail the joyful day ;
 With rapture, then, let mortal tongues
 Their grateful worship pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due !
 With wonder we adore ;
 But could we sing as angels do,
 Our highest praise were poor.

HYMN 383. Sevens.

The Resurrection. 1 Cor. xv. 56.

CHIRST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say,
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won !

Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo ! he sits in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell :
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King,
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he dy'd our souls to save ;
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted head ;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall ;
Second life let us receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.

7 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n !
Praise to thee by both be giv'n !
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail ! the *Resurrection*—thou.

HYMN 384. Eights.

Our God for ever and ever. Psalm xlviij.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend ;
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end ;
'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 385. Sixes and Fours.

Worthy the Lamb.

GLORY to God on high !
Let earth and skies reply,

Praise ye his name ;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore :
Sing loud forevermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2 Jesus our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye his name ;
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won :
Sing his great name alone,
Worthy the Lamb.

3 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name ;
Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God ;
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless ;
Praise ye his name ;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

5 What tho' we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name :
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

6 Then let the hosts above,
 In realms of endless love,
 Praise his dear name :
 To him ascribed be
 Honor and majesty,
 Thro' all eternity ;
 Worthy the Lamb.

HYMN 386. Sevens, Sixes and Eights.

Backsliding and Returning ; or, the Backslider's Prayer.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wand'ring sheep ;
 Praise to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep.

Let me be by grace restor'd,
 On me be all its freeness shewn :
 Turn and look upon me, *Lord*,
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, prince, enthron'd above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me thro' thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart.
 Give, what I have long implor'd,

A portion of thy love unknown :
 Turn and look upon me, *Lord*,
 And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die ;
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Smile in thy gracious eye.
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down :
 Turn and look upon me, *Lord*,
 And break my heart of stone.

4 Pray, as when thy pitying eye
 Was clos'd, that we might live ;
 Gaspings, at the point to die,
 “ Father,” thou saidst, “ forgive ! ”
 Oh, how glorious was the word,
 When thou, expiring, saidst, “ 'tis done ! ”
 Oh, my loving, bleeding *Lord* !
 This breaks my heart of stone.

HYMN 387. C. M.

The Infinite.

COME, seraph, lend your heav'nly tongue,
 Or harp of golden string,
 That I may raise a lofty song
 To our Eternal King.

2 Thy names how infinite they be !
 Great Everlasting One !
 Boundless thy might and majesty,
 And unconfin'd thy throne.

3 Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
 And wond'rous large thy grace,
 Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
 And Gabriel veils his face.

4 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
 Which angels cannot sound ;
 An ocean of infinites
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

5 The myst'ries of creation lie,
 Beneath enlighten'd minds ;
 Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
 And fly before the winds.

6 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
 And stretch from pole to pole ;
 But half thy name our spirit fills,
 And overloads our soul.

7 In vain our haughty reason swells,
 For nothing's found in Thee,
 But boundless inconceivables,
 And vast eternity.

HYMN 388. C. M.

The Nativity of Christ.

“SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
 And send your fears away ;
 News from the region of the skies,
 Salvation's born to-day.

2 “JESUS, the God, whom angels fear,
 Comes down to dwell with you ;
 To-day he makes his entrance here,
 But not as monarchs do.

3 “No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
 Nor royal shining things ;
 A manger for his cradle stands,
 And holds the King of kings.

4 “Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
 And see his humble throne ;
 With tears of joy in all your eyes,
 Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.”

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around,
 The heav'ly armies throng ;
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,
 And thus conclude the song :

6 “Glory to God that reigns above,
 Let peace surround the earth ;
 Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
 At their Redeemer's birth.”

7 LORD ! and shall angels have their songs,
 And men no tunes to raise ?
 Oh, may we lose these useless tongues,
 When they forget to praise !

3 Glory to God that reigns above,
 That pitied us forlorn,
We join to sing our Maker's love,
 For there's a Saviour born.

HYMN 389. Sixes and Tens.

Another.

THE Saviour to adore,
TJoin every tuneful pow'r,
In loudest, sweetest songs of solemn sound :
 Let a peculiar joy
 Attend the blest employ,
And glad hosannas echo all around.

2 Angels and seraphs, say,
 On that auspicious day
When the great God incarnate was made known,
 What new, what glorious strains
 Spread o'er the ethereal plains,
And rose harmonious to th' eternal throne ?

3 Say, with what ardent love,
 The shining hosts above
Tun'd all their golden harps to noblest praise ;
 When ev'ry sounding lyre
 Through the celestial choir,
Delighted, strove the highest notes to raise.

4 And shall not mortals join
 This melody divine,
And take their God and Saviour on their tongues,
 His glories to display,
 And hail his natal day,
In sweetest harmony of joyful songs ?

5 Yes, let our shouts arise,
 And reach the lofty skies,
And all the race of Adam, here below,

Dwell on the joyful theme,
A God, born to redeem
Unnumber'd millions from eternal woe !

6 To him, who from above,
In unexampled love,
Thus stoop'd and join'd our nature to his own,
Eternal thanks be paid,
And praises crown his head,
Who lives and fills his high celestial throne.

7 Exalted there he reigns,
And o'er the heav'nly plains,
Sheds in sweet beams, immortal glories round :
With him may we appear,
And join the triumph there,
Where ceaseless songs of holy praise abound.

HYMN 390. Sapphic Ode.

The Day of Judgment.

WHEN the fierce north-wind, with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury ;
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down.

2 How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble,
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset in the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.

3 Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like these earthly,) Such the dire terror, when the great archangel
Shakes the creation ;

4 Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heav'n,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes ;
See the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around 'em.

5 Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
 Lively, bright horror, and amazing anguish [lies
 Stare thro' their eye-lids, while the living worm
 Gnawing within them.

6 Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their
 heart-strings, [the
 And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds
 Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
 Rolling before him.

7 Hopeless immortals! how they scream and
 shiver, [ing
 While devils push them to the pit wide yawn-
 Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
 Down to the centre.

8 Stop here, my fancy: (all away ye horrid,
 Doleful ideas,) come arise to Jesus, [him
 How he sits God-like, and the saints around
 Thron'd, yet adoring.

9 Oh, may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
 Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
 While our Hosannas, all along the passage
 Shout the Redeemer.

HYMN 391. L. M.

Bewailing my own Inconstancy.

1 LOVE the Lord! but ah! how far
 My thoughts from the dear object are!
 This wanton heart, how wide it roves!
 And fancy meets a thousand loves.

2 If my soul burn to see my God,
 I tread the courts of his abode,
 But troops of rivals throng the place,
 And tempt me off before his face.

3 Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid my passions all be gone ;
All but my love, and charge my will
To bar the door against it still.

4 But cares, or trifles, make, or find,
Still new avenues to the mind ;
Till I with grief and wonder see,
Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

5 This foolish heart can leave her God,
And shadows tempt her thoughts abroad ;
How shall I fix this wand'ring mind ?
Or throw my fetters on the wind ?

6 Look gently down, Almighty Grace,
Prison me round in thine embrace ;
Pity the soul that would be thine,
And let thy pow'r my love confine.

7 Say, when shall the bright moment be,
That I shall live alone for Thee ;
My heart no foreign lords adore,
And the wild muse prove false no more ?

HYMN 392. L. M.

Forsaken, yet Hoping.

HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my Jesus mine ;
And sit and view his smiling face,
And melt in pleasures all divine.

2 Near to my heart, within my arms
He lay, till sin defil'd my breast ;
Till broken vows and earthly charms,
Tir'd and provok'd my heav'nly guest.

3 And now he's gone, (O mighty woe !)
Gone from my soul, and hides his love

Deport, ye sins, that griev'd him so ;
Ye sins that forc'd him to remove.

4 **B**reak, break my heart ; complain my tongue !
Hither, my friends, your sorrow bring :
Angels, assist my doleful song,
If you have e'er a mourning string.

5 **B**ut, ah ! your joys are ever high,
Ever his lovely face you see ;
While my poor spirits pant and die,
And groan, for Thee, my God, for Thee.

6 Yet let my hope look thro' my tears,
And spy afar his rolling throne ;
His chariot thro' the cleaving spheres,
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.

7 Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My soul springs out to meet him high ;
Then the fair Conq'ror turns his wheels,
And climbs the mansions of the sky.

8 There smiling joy for ever reigns,
No more the turtle leaves the dove ;
Farewell to jealousies and pains,
And all the ills of absent love.

HYMN 393. L. M.

Christ on the tree.

MOURN, mourn, ye saints, who once did see
Our Saviour dear, nail'd to the tree :
A bitter death he did endure,
To save the souls of men secure.

2 Oh, how his purple streams did flow !
His blood on man he did bestow ;
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood,
And pierced side ran down with blood.

3 What wisdom can conceive or know,
 What tongue or pen can truly show
 The vast dimensions of his love,
 Or show his pow'r in heav'n above ?

4 To God be praise and worship done,
 For giving us his only Son :
 Let's tune our souls, and him adore
 In hallelujahs evermore.

HYMN 394. C. M.

Christ's Death, Victory and Dominion.

ISING my Saviour's wond'rous death ;
 He conquer'd when he fell ;
 'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
 And shook the gates of hell.

2 'Tis finish'd, our Emmanuel cries,
 The dreadful work is done ;
 Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
 His kingdom is begun,

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
 For glory and renown,
 When thro' the regions of the dead
 He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side
 Sits our victorious Lord ;
 To heav'n and hell his hands divide
 The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye,
 Await their sev'ral crowns :
 And all the sons of darkness fly
 The terror of his frowns.

HYMN 395. Sevens.

Farewell to the World.

WORLD adieu! thou real cheat,
 Oft have thy deceitful charms
 Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
 Foolish hopes, and false alarms;
 Now I see as clear as day,
 How thy follies pass away.

2 Vain thy entertaining sights,
 False thy promises renew'd,
 All the pomp of thy delights
 Does but flatter and delude:
 Thee I quit for heav'n above,
 Object of the noblest love.

3 Farewell, honor's empty pride,
 Thy own nice, uncertain gust,
 If the least mischance betide,
 Lays thee lower than the dust:
 Worldly honors end in gall,
 Rise to-day—to-morrow fall.

4 Foolish vanity—farewell—
 More inconstant than the waves;
 Where thy soothing fancies dwell,
 Purest tempers they deprave:
 He, to whom I fly from thee,
 Jesus Christ shall set me free.

5 Let not, Lord, my wand'ring mind
 Follow after fleeting toys,
 Since, in thee alone, I find
 Solid and substantial joys:
 Joys which never overpast,
 Through eternity shall last.

6 Lord ! how happy is a heart
 After thee while it aspires !
 True and faithful as thou art,
 Thou shalt answer its desires ;
 It shall see the glorious scene
 Of thine everlasting reign.

HYMN 396. (*Tune, New-York.*)

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame ;
 Quit, Oh, quit this mortal frame ;
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

2 Hark ! they whisper, angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.

What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

3 The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

HYMN 397. C. M.

A Funeral Piece.

THE righteous souls that take their flight
 Far from this world of pain,
 In God's paternal bosom blest,
 For ever shall remain.

2 To minds unwise they seem to die,
All joyful hope to cease ;
Whilst they, secur'd by faith, repose
In everlasting peace.

3 For at the great, the awful day,
When Christ descends from high ;
With myriads of angelic saints,
They'll meet him in the sky.

4 Their God, their Judge, their mighty Lord,
Shall pour redeeming grace ;
And call them ever to behold,
The brightness of his face.

HYMN 398. C. M.

Christ the Fountain of Life. Rev. xxi. 6.

OH, what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found !
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Here Jesus calls ; and he's a true,
A kind, a faithful friend ;
He's Alpha and Omega too,
Beginning and the end.

3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your ev'ry burden bring ;
Here love, eternal love abounds,
A deep celestial spring.

4 Whoever thirsts, O gracious word !
Shall of this stream partake ;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesu's sake.

5 This spring with living water flows,
And living joy imparts ;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

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HYMN CCCXCIX.

6 To sinners poor, like me and you,
He saith, he'll freely give ;
Come, thirsty souls, and prove it true,
Drink, and for ever live.

HYMN 399. Eights and Sevens.

The Close of the Year.

HEAV'NLY Father, here we bless thee,
All thy goodness we adore ;
And with humble songs address thee,
God of mercy, love and pow'r !
Thou hast been our great salvation,
Through the world's deceitful maze ;
Through affliction and temptation,
Thou hast kept us all our days.

2 Having help from thee obtained,
Here before thee, Lord, we stand ;
Foes and fears thou hast restrained,
By thy gracious mighty hand ;
Ev'ry want hast thou supplied,
Life, and health, and needful food ;
Nothing has thy love denied
Which thou knew'st would do us good.

3 But renewing love and favor,
In us wrought by sov'reign grace,
Through a dear and precious Saviour,
Call for songs of loudest praise :
Here our sins are all forgiven ;
Here our mighty debt is paid ;
Here we've peace, and peace with Heaven,
Made in him our living Head.

4 He, dear Shepherd, kindly sought us,
Strong to save us, he drew near ;
Hitherto his love has brought us,
And we close another year.

Pardon, Lord, our ev'ry failing ;
 Oh, forgive our follies past ;
 Let thy grace be still prevailing,
 Safe to bring us home at last.

5 If another year thou spare us,
 Grace, and strength, and mercy give ;
 For thy holy will prepare us,
 Whether we shall die or live.
 Now to God, the great Jehovah,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be the highest praise for ever,
 Here, and by the heav'nly host.

HYMN 400. Eights and Sixes.

Longing for a place at the right hand of the Judge.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shall come
 To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
 Shall I among them stand ?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand ?

2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Tho' vilest of them all ;
 But can I bear the piercing thought ?
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call !

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace ;
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
 In this th' accepted day ;
 Thy pard'ning voice, Oh, let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear ;
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face ;
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heav'n's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sov'reign grace.

HYMN 401. C. M.

The End of the World.

WHY should this earth delight us so ?
 Why should we fix our eyes,
 On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
 And ev'ry pleasure dies ?

2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
 Our comforts to devour,
 There is a land above the stars,
 And joys above his pow'r.

3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
 The sun must end his race ;
 The earth and sea for ever fly
 Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning rise ;
 When the last trumpet sound ?
 And call the nations to the skies,
 From underneath the ground ?

HYMN 402. L. M.

A happy Resurrection.

NO, I'll repine at death no more,
 But with a cheerful gasp resign,
 To the cold dungeon of the grave,
 These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust ;
My God shall raise my frame anew,
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning, thro' the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day,
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come,
Thy ling'ring wheels how long they stay !

[4 Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips
Where God has shed his richest grace.]

[5 Haste then, upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.]

HYMN 403. C. M.

The Last Judgment.

HE comes ! he comes ! to judge the world,
Aloud th' archangel cries ;
While thunders roll from pole to pole
And lightnings cleave the skies.

2 Th' affrighted nations hear the sound,
And upward lift their eyes ;
The slumb'ring tenants of the ground,
In living armies rise.

3 Amid the shouts of num'rous friends,
Of hosts divinely bright,
The Judge in solemn pomp descends,
Array'd in robes of light.

4 His head and hairs are white as snow,
His eyes a fiery flame,
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And Jesus is his name.

5 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
And scars his vict'ries tell ;
Lo ! in his hand the Conq'ror bears
The keys of death and hell.

6 Now he ascends the judgment-seat,
And at his dread command,
Myriads of creatures round his feet
In solemn silence stand.

7 Princes, and peasants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom ;
The men who dar'd his grace reject,
And they who dar'd presume.

8 "Depart, ye sons of death and sin,"
The injur'd Jesus cries,
While the long-kindling wrath within
Flashes from both his eyes

9 And now in words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face,
Aloud his sacred lips repeat
The sentence of his grace :

10 "Well done, my good and faithful sons,
The children of my love,
Receive the sceptres, crowns, and thrones,
Prepar'd for you above."

HOSANNAS AND DOXOLOGIES.

HOSANNAS.

Long Metre.

HOSENNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne ;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.

2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage ;

Old men and babes in Zion sing
The growing glories of her King.

Common Metre.

HOSANNA to the Prince of grace,
Zion, behold thy King ;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosanna to th' incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came ;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

Short Metre.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And seal'd it with his blood.

2 To Christ, th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings giv'n ;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n..

Sevens.

SING hosanna to the Lord,
Hail the everlasting Word,
Tell his life, his death, his love,
Bow before him now above.

DOXOLOGIES.

*A Song of praise to the ever blessed Trinity,
God the Father, Son, and Spirit.*

Long Metre.

BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endles joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
 From whose dear wounded body rolls
 A precious stream of vital blood,
 Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
 Who in our hearts of sin and woe,
 Makes living springs of grace arise,
 And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, we adore :
 That sea of life and love unknown,
 Without a bottom or a shore.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, three in one,
 Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n,
 By all on earth and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit be ador'd,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

As the 113th Psalm.

NOW to the great and sacred three,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
 Eternal praise and glory giv'n ;
 Through all the worlds where God is known,
 By all the angels near the throne,
 And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

As the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honors raise,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise :
With all our pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

Eight and Sixes.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heav'nly host,
And in the Church below ;
From whom all creatures drew their breath,
By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow !

Eight and Sevens.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above !
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

Sevens.

PRAISE the Father, praise the Son,
Praise the Spirit, one in three,
Join the song in heav'u begun,
Glory to the Trinity.

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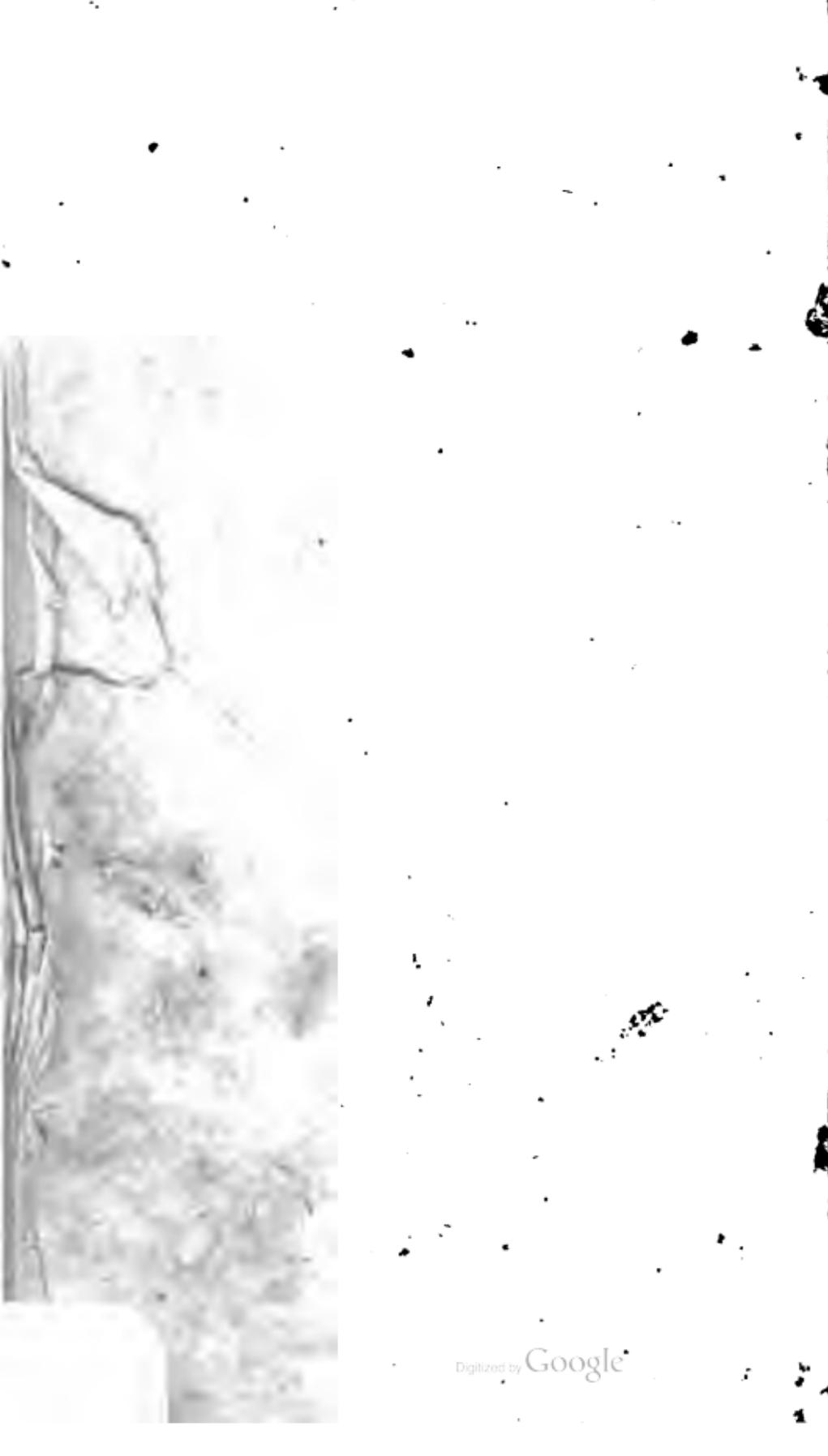
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